

The Game, by Darin Henry

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[Part One]

(Chanting and lots of hub-bub.)

HOLLIS: Ah, end of the line, old man?

SHARZ: Meta, get round his other side.

HOLLIS: You've got no Game, Sharz. You know what I'm saying? You're froth. Weak.

SHARZ: You expect me to just quit?

HOLLIS: Nah, mate. Not till you're eliminated. Won't be long now. Neecham!

SHARZ: Bad luck, Neecham.

HOLLIS: Right. Ain't no big thing. I can still take you. You're going down. Yeah, you are.

SHARZ: Hollis, shut up and play.

(Clash of metal blades.)

HOLLIS: You're tired. Missed. Yeah! That's it! Now it's over. This one's for Neecham, Sharz. I hope it really hurts.

(Crowd cheers.)

SHARZ: No. No! This ain't your day, is it, Hollis? See you next time. (laughs)

HOLLIS: Argh!

(William Russel is humming.)

FAYE: Sir. Sir, please. Be quiet.

CARLISLE: I didn't say anything.

FAYE: You were humming.

CARLISLE: Do you want me to stop?

FAYE: What do you think?

CARLISLE: You don't like me, do you, Ambassador Davis?

FAYE: No. To be honest I think you're a

CARLISLE: Oh, not again. There's not more Chicken Marasata.

FAYE: What?

CARLISLE: My stupid service robot forgot to restock my cooler thing again. I don't know. Idiot.

FAYE: Okay, look, I have been very patiently trying to brief you since before we left Earth. Can you please just shut up and listen?

CARLISLE: I will shut up when I'm eating my Marasata. This is not my first time doing this, you know.

FAYE: I realise that, but

CARLISLE: Ambassador, trust me. It will all work out. It always works out. There's really no point worrying.

FAYE: At this rate we could miss the next peace window. Hundreds of people will die.

CARLISLE: (sighs) Yes, of course. Proceed.

FAYE: Thank you. We're about to touch down on the planet Cray. For centuries Cray's been home to a barbaric war between the planet's two main social groups. Normally no big deal. Unfortunately, three cycles ago, the UI twinned Cray with Earth.

CARLISLE: What does that mean, twinned?

FAYE: They designated it Earth's sister planet due to its position relative to ours from Galactic Zero.

CARLISLE: Ah.

FAYE: Thanks to the twinning, what had been just another civil war on just another hick planet is suddenly a major source of embarrassment.

CARLISLE: And Earth Administration has had enough embarrassments without any help from hick planets. So, what are these two groups fighting over?

FAYE: Well, apparently over a Game.

CARLISLE: A Game?

DOCTOR: Ah ha! Gotcha. No.

NYSSA: Why are you looking for a camera?

DOCTOR: Who told you I was looking for a camera?

NYSSA: No one. But the last thing you said was I need to find my camera, and now you're halfway inside that trunk.

DOCTOR: It's for our journey.

NYSSA: The trunk?

DOCTOR: The camera. This camera. Smile, Nyssa.

(Click, whirr.)

NYSSA: What?

DOCTOR: Very good. Here, shake that. Now, why haven't we arrived yet? Coordinates set. Come on, old girl, put your back into it. (thump) That's better.

NYSSA: I've never seen you this excited, Doctor.

DOCTOR: That's because you've never seen me on holiday. Fancy joining me for a spot of Time Tourism?

NYSSA: What, again?

DOCTOR: Again?

NYSSA: Well, I'm not complaining, but isn't that what we always do?

DOCTOR: Nyssa, my Tardis can take us anywhere, anywhen we want to go.

NYSSA: Yes, but sometimes I want to do more than just go.

DOCTOR: I see.

NYSSA: I didn't mean to upset you, Doctor. Where was it you wanted to take me?

DOCTOR: The planet Cray.

NYSSA: Oh, sounds nice.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, it's dreadful. Sulphuric rivers, uninspired architecture. Even the most generous Galactic guides say give it a miss.

NYSSA: Which explains why you chose it for our holiday.

DOCTOR: Don't be silly. Cray is where I will finally get to meet Darzil Carlisle.

NYSSA: Who?

(Spacecraft lands.)

HOLLIS: Coach Destry.

DESTRY: Hollis, final results are in. It's no good. Get inside where I can hear you.

(Door closes.)

HOLLIS: Well, what is it? Official results from yesterday? We outscored the Gora 340 to 291. They're caving, Coach. In another few weeks we'll be Naxy champions. What's wrong, Coach?

DESTRY: Now is not the time for this.

HOLLIS: But that makes six straight wins.

DESTRY: Do you see that shuttlecraft, Hollis? It contains an Earth delegation which

HOLLIS: One more decisive move is all we need to put them away. Let me challenge Sharz to a one-on-one. I almost had him yesterday.

DESTRY: Silence! Friends, welcome to Cray.

FAYE: Bela Destry. So nice to finally meet you in the flesh.

DESTRY: Ambassador Davis, isn't it?

FAYE: That's right. And this is Earth's Lord High Negotiator

DESTRY: Darzil Carlisle. I am honoured, sir, to have a luminary such as yourself here on Cray.

CARLISLE: (sotto) Who is he?

FAYE: Mister Destry coaches a Naxy team.

DESTRY: The Lineen, to be precise, and this is our star player, Hollis Az.

HOLLIS: Sir.

CARLISLE: Has he dropped something?

DESTRY: Hollis is bowing in your honour.

CARLISLE: Well, don't. Now, what I usually say at this point is that the world as you know it is about to come to an abrupt and utter demise, and there is absolutely nothing you can do to prevent it. Right, that's out of the way. Is anyone else hungry?

(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: You brought the camera, didn't you?

NYSSA: It's around your neck. (Tardis door closes.) Doctor, who is Darzil Carlisle?

DOCTOR: Only one of the most eminent advocates for peace in human history. Born outside Olympus Mons on Mars in 2414, at the age of three, following a freak airlock accident that killed his parents, he was relocated to an orphanage in Finchley, north London. At 17 he earned a scholarship to the Phobos Academy of Music where he studied for three years before, quote unquote, stumbling into a glorious career as a peace negotiator.

NYSSA: You sound like quite a fan of this Darzil person.

DOCTOR: Fan is, well, is... No, I prefer the term enthusiast.

NYSSA: So, he's a Martian, then.

DOCTOR: Technically, but still human. His parents were both from Earth.

NYSSA: Well, if he's so important to you, why wait this long to meet him?

DOCTOR: I suppose it's because... Well, the thing is, Nyssa, I have a slight tendency to interfere.

NYSSA: No.

DOCTOR: Cray is where Lord Carlisle settled his final peace negotiation before retiring, so I thought by now it would be safe just to sit in the back and watch him work his magic.

NYSSA: But if he's a peace negotiator, wouldn't that mean... we're going to a war for a holiday.
DOCTOR: Not a war, a peace.
NYSSA: What sort of war?
DOCTOR: From what I understand, a particularly nasty one. It lasted centuries and affected every family on Cray several times over. By now the survivors must be experiencing almost unbearable anguish.
(Chanting Gora, Gora.)
NYSSA: You were saying?

(Door opens.)
NYSSA: (coughs) So smoky.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Sports pubs often are. And judging by the décor this is definitely a sports pub.
NYSSA: Doctor, those men.
DOCTOR: Not exactly teetotallers, are they, unless they're heavily disguised as shouty drunks.
NYSSA: Their skin, it's so blue.
DOCTOR: It's face paint.
NYSSA: Face paint?
DOCTOR: Throughout the cosmos it's traditional to paint one's face according to the colour of one's team. Must be a match on today.
(Silence falls.)
NYSSA: They're staring at us.
DOCTOR: Splendid. Saves us the trouble of attracting their attention.
NYSSA: They're coming over.
DOCTOR: Ah. Hello. I'm the Doctor and this is my friend (thump!)
NYSSA: Doctor!

DESTRY: Is it to your liking, sir?
CARLISLE: (mouth full) Hmm?
DESTRY: Your dinner.
CARLISLE: What about it?
DESTRY: I. Oh, never mind.
(Walks away)
DESTRY: Is his Lordship ill?
FAYE: Just tired from our journey. Lord Carlisle, Mister Destry has been an enormous help in setting up tomorrow's talks.
CARLISLE: Trying to bias me, is he?
FAYE: Of course he isn't trying to
CARLISLE: I've seen all the tricks, and I can promise you that one never works.
FAYE: Lord Carlisle.
DESTRY: No. No, it's all right. Hollis, go and prepare for today's match.
HOLLIS: Right, Coach. (leaves)
DESTRY: Now I can speak freely. Sadly not everyone on Cray shares my views.
CARLISLE: Meaning what, exactly?
DESTRY: The bloodshed here must end. My conscience can no longer stand it.
CARLISLE: It takes both sides to end a war.
DESTRY: Pardon?
FAYE: He means the other Coach. Sharz I believe he's called?
DESTRY: Yes. I invited my counterpart to be present for your official welcome.
CARLISLE: So where is he?
DESTRY: He would only say he had more pressing matters to attend to.

SHARZ: Lineen scum. Can you give me one good reason why I shouldn't eliminate you now? (thump)
DOCTOR: Several hundred thousand, actually.
SHARZ: You've got nerve coming here, I'll give you that. Lineen don't usually show that kind of bottle.
NYSSA: Stop it! Let him go! We're not Lineen. We're not even from Cray.
SHARZ: What?
NYSSA: We're here to see Darzil Carlisle.
(Thud.)
SHARZ: You're with this stupid delegation?
NYSSA: Not exactly with.
DOCTOR: Not exactly stupid. He is here to stop a war, after all.
SHARZ: War? There ain't been a war on Cray in centuries.
DOCTOR: Why else should he travel so far?

SHARZ: Dunno. Maybe he's a Naxy fan.
NYSSA: What is Naxy?
SHARZ: You don't know?
DOCTOR: It's a simple question, surely?
SHARZ: Naxy's our global pastime, innit. We're just off to play in today's match. Fancy coming along? We can always use another striker.
NYSSA: He doesn't play.
SHARZ: Everybody plays Naxy, darling. Sooner or later.
DOCTOR: So I can join your team just like that?
SHARZ: You can if the Coach of the Gora asks you to.
DOCTOR: And that's you.
SHARZ: That's me. Sharz Sevix. Apologies for not introducing myself earlier.
DOCTOR: You were busy strangling me earlier. I'm called the Doctor. This is Nyssa.
SHARZ: What do you say, Doctor? I'll teach you the basics myself.
DOCTOR: Well, I suppose one Game won't kill me.
SHARZ: Great! And your little lady can join our cheerleaders. She's certainly got the legs for it.
NYSSA: Of all the sexist
DOCTOR: Excuse us, Sharz. Nyssa.
NYSSA: You're not really going with him?
DOCTOR: He knows more than he's letting on. When you mentioned Darzil Carlisle the other's faces went all blank, but not Sharz's.
NYSSA: You noticed that even as he was strangling you.
DOCTOR: Mmm. And that he's right-handed, smells of pickled onions and is featured on most of the Naxy posters hanging on these walls. There's a war missing here, Nyssa.
NYSSA: You won't find it playing a silly Game.
DOCTOR: I need to know what Sharz knows. Bonding over a Game of Naxy should do the trick.
NYSSA: Very well. But what about me?
SHARZ: Ready, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Try and locate the Earth delegation. I'll join you later. Here, take the camera.
SHARZ: Here, lads, we've still got to paint the new boy's face.
DOCTOR: This isn't necessary.
NYSSA: Have fun.

DESTROY: Here.
FAYE: What are these?
DESTROY: Casualty reports. Fatality reports. Statistics, we call them. Well?
CARLISLE: Hmm? Oh, yes. Very grim.
DESTROY: Is that all you can say?
CARLISLE: What should I say? My honest reaction is, I've seen worse.
DESTROY: I've just shown you evidence that millions of lives have been lost. We need peace immediately, you miserable old oaf.
CARLISLE: Nothing I do can bring those people back, which is why I prefer to focus on the future.
DESTROY: And what future do you see for us?
CARLISLE: You know, Mister Destroy, I haven't the foggiest.

HOLLIS: Yeah, I was thinking about it. We can definitely make that happen. Schedule the photoshoot. Yeah, I'm just walking there now. Oh! Watch it.
NYSSA: Excuse me.
HOLLIS: Nah, it's okay. Yeah, look, mate. No, I just bumped into someone. Listen, I'll talk to you after the Game, yeah? We'll sort it out. Cheers. Lost?
NYSSA: I'm looking for an Earth man named Darzil Carlisle.
HOLLIS: Back there. Arena Hotel, 13th floor.
NYSSA: Thank you.
HOLLIS: Ah ah. That area's off-limits.
NYSSA: But I need to find him. Please let go of my arm.
HOLLIS: What's your name?
NYSSA: Nyssa.
HOLLIS: Don't you recognise me, Nyssa?
NYSSA: Should I?
HOLLIS: Half the women on Cray would kill to spend five minutes with me.
NYSSA: I must belong to the other half. Ow! You're hurting me.
HOLLIS: It's all right. No one's around. We can talk. No harm in talking, right?

(Sparring.)

SHARZ: Not bad, Doctor. You learn fast.

DOCTOR: Several planets have similar games. The stick looks like one used in an Earth Game called hockey.

SHARZ: You don't say.

DOCTOR: You don't care.

SHARZ: Not in the slightest.

DOCTOR: The way you use your stick is far more aggressive, though.

SHARZ: Wand.

DOCTOR: Pardon?

SHARZ: It's a wand. Stop calling it a stick.

DOCTOR: Sharz?

SHARZ: Yeah?

DOCTOR: Why is Darzil Carlisle on Cray?

SHARZ: I told you.

DOCTOR: No, you didn't. Oh!

SHARZ: You oughtn't let your guard down, Doctor. (whistle blows) All right, lads. Go suit up. It's bad form to keep our Lineen friends waiting for their beating.

DOCTOR: Lineen? Back at the pub you thought I was a Lineen.

SHARZ: Yep.

DOCTOR: And you nearly killed me.

SHARZ: Aren't you glad you weren't Lineen?

DOCTOR: You hate them that much?

SHARZ: Hey, I don't hate them, Doc. I just love to win.

HOLLIS: You really don't know who I am? Hollis Az, four time all-star?

NYSSA: No.

HOLLIS: You've never watched Naxy, then.

NYSSA: I've only just heard of it.

HOLLIS: Man, great for the ego you are.

NYSSA: Well, I

HOLLIS: (laughs) No, it's kind of nice. Everybody knows me as er, I dunno, the sort of guy I don't always want to be. You know what I'm saying?

NYSSA: Er, I think so.

HOLLIS: Good. Now explain it to me. So what do you want with that old Earth man. You're too young and fine to be a bureaucrat.

NYSSA: My friend is very keen to meet him.

HOLLIS: Your boyfriend?

NYSSA: No, the Doctor's not like that.

HOLLIS: Oh, right. Couple of guys like that play for us Lineen. I've got no problem with it, though.

NYSSA: What? No. I

HOLLIS: Where is he, then?

NYSSA: He's playing Naxy.

HOLLIS: For which team?

NYSSA: The Gora?

HOLLIS: Too bad.

NYSSA: Why?

HOLLIS: I'm Lineen. If I see him today, I've got to eliminate him from the Game. But I promise to make it painless. I've got to go. Arena Hotel, 13th floor. If anyone gives you problems just mention my name.

NYSSA: Will that help?

HOLLIS: It always works for me.

SHARZ: Some nights when I struggle, I tell myself, just keep on pushing through it. Do whatever you can to help us win. That's what Naxy's all about, lads. Winning! I'll see all of you after the match.

DOCTOR: You mean, you're not playing?

SHARZ: My day off. Don't worry, you'll be fine. Just protect your weak side, and open up your cover.

DOCTOR: My cover?

SHARZ: On your wand. Take the safety cover off. Here, there you go.

DOCTOR: But, Sharz, that's a blade.

SHARZ: I know. We call that bit the blade for just that reason. Wouldn't be much good without it.

DOCTOR: It's razor sharp. The wands we used during practice were only wood.

SHARZ: Like you said, that was practice.

FAYE: Mister Destry.
DESTRY: I just want him to watch. Seeing the carnage first-hand may convince his Lordship that the situation here is critical.
CARLISLE: I can't work like this.
FAYE: You should probably go.
DESTRY: How? How can I walk away knowing that the fate of my world is in the hands of this imbecile?
CARLISLE: I'm beginning to see how your planet got into its situation.
DESTRY: How dare you!
FAYE: Gentlemen, please. We're here to stop a war, not start a new one. What now?
NYSSA: I'm sorry. I wasn't sure anyone was in here. I'm looking for the Earth delegation.
FAYE: So much for our secret arrival.
DESTRY: Barely a handful know who you are, let alone that you're here.
CARLISLE: Someone's certainly clued her in. Who exactly is this young lady?
NYSSA: Darzil Carlisle?
CARLISLE: What a coincidence. That's my name.
DESTRY: Guards, in here. Quickly.
NYSSA: It really is you. The Doctor will be so pleased.
CARLISLE: What did you say?
DESTRY: Take this girl to the prisons.
NYSSA: What? No, please.
DESTRY: A few days of solitary should teach her a lesson about trespassing.
NYSSA: I didn't mean any harm.
CARLISLE: Destry, wait.
DESTRY: Lord Carlisle, I insist.
CARLISLE: I said wait. Did you just say, the Doctor?
NYSSA: Yes. He's who brought me to Cray.
FAYE: Do you know him, sir?
CARLISLE: Of course not. Is he nearby?
NYSSA: He's joining me after his Game.
CARLISLE: Game? Don't tell me *he's* playing Naxy.
NYSSA: He is. Is something the matter?
FAYE: Naxy is why we're here.
NYSSA: But I thought you were here on Cray to end its civil war.
CARLISLE: The Game *is* the war, my dear.
NYSSA: I don't understand.
FAYE: Every day thousands of athletes march into that arena to play Naxy. To the death.
DESTRY: And if your friend the Doctor is walking in there unaware of that, I can assure you he will not be walking out again.

[Part Two]

GARNY: Good afternoon, Naxy fans, and welcome to the match of the day, sponsored by Majestic Tyres, the Kings of the Road. Wherever you are, you're happy to join us, because it's a beautiful day for Naxy. I'm Garry Diblick, and I'm joined by Gora manager and player SHARZ: And superstar.
GARNY: And superstar, Sharz Sevix. How are you today, Sharz?
SHARZ: Very well, Garry, very well. Looking forward to another exciting Game of Naxy
GARNY: Let's get straight to what's on every fan's mind, though, the Gora's recent rough patch.
SHARZ: Well, er no.
GARNY: Six consecutive losing games?
SHARZ: Yeah, but
GARNY: Your season record isn't much better. The Gora are at 19931, the Lineen are at 37323. What else would you call it?
SHARZ: Okay, that's a rough patch.

GARNY [OC]: Now the problems for the Gora as I see it
NYSSA: That man, Sharz. He's the one who asked the Doctor to join the Gora.
FAYE: He is something of a loose cannon.
DESTRY: You're being too kind, Ambassador. Sharz is a devolved, bullying clod.
FAYE: I didn't much care for him myself.
CARLISLE: Destry, must these guards be breathing down our necks? This girl is obviously no threat.
DESTRY: Very well. Return to your posts but stay ready.
NYSSA: It doesn't make sense. These games are televised to all of Cray?

DESTRY: They're our most popular entertainment.

NYSSA: Then Naxy cannot be what you say.

FAYE: Mister Destry sent recordings of matches to the UI. It's a war, all right, only the players and fans refuse to see it as such.

NYSSA: But why would they let the Doctor play such a deadly Game? He's not even from Cray.

DESTRY: There's no rule against it. Most outsiders usually know better.

OCKLE: You all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, er

OCKLE: The name's Ockle Durr. I'm Gora field skipper when Sharz is off.

DOCTOR: Yes, hello. Those men across the pitch, they're Lineen?

OCKLE: Well done, Doctor. Sharz said you was a bright boy.

DOCTOR: They're armed with blades as well. Naxy is just people hacking one another for sport, isn't it? Ockle, we have to get out of here.

OCKLE: (laughs) First Game jitters, eh? Oh, don't worry. They never last long.

(Whistle blows, crowd cheers.)

OCKLE: Take 'em, lads!

(Clash of blades.)

GARNY: There's the whistle, and today's match is underway. The Gora are making straight for their foes.

SHARZ: Wand blades blazing in the sunlight. Beautiful.

GARNY: And there's the first elimination! That didn't take long. I can't quite see

SHARZ: It was Faveri .

GARNY: Faveri. One of yours, then.

SHARZ: Yeah. Nice kid. Shame.

NYSSA: It's horrible. So horrible.

CARLISLE: Do you see the Doctor anywhere?

FAYE: The Naxy pitch is massive.

DESTRY: All deaths are chronicled. You can always find him later.

CARLISLE: Now that is a relief.

NYSSA: You call this entertainment?

DESTRY: Well, listen to the emotion in your own voice,. Naxy feeds my people's passions.

CARLISLE: Perhaps, what are you called, child?

NYSSA: Nyssa.

CARLISLE: Perhaps, Nyssa, your friend is resourceful enough to survive.

DESTRY: Fifty thousand other players believed that this season. They're all dead now, of course.

DOCTOR: Dead. Hacked to death.

OCKLE: Get back into formation.

DOCTOR: Formation? This man has just been murdered.

OCKLE: Not murdered, eliminated, retired, and it's up to us to show he didn't drop in vain. Now get into formation!

GARNY: So, Faveri is the first to be retired today. Mazus gets credit for that point. A few more eliminations to tell you about. Chalno, Beridvi and Steinex all retired here in the early going. All Gora.

SHARZ: Pity about Chalno. He had the potential to be a great striker.

GARNY: Just a reminder we'll be looking out for a few milestones today. The Lineens own Hollis Az is only seven eliminations away from the century mark. That'll give him four straight hundred plus seasons. Quite impressive for such a young man, eh, Sharz?

SHARZ: He's lucky.

GARNY: He nearly used that luck against you yesterday.

SHARZ: I dunno what you're talking about, Garny.

GARNY [OC]: Gambey was just eliminated there.

NYSSA: We have to do something!

DESTRY: We can do nothing until time expires.

FAYE: How long will that be?

DESTRY: A Rev. Forty Earth minutes.

NYSSA: Mister Destry, you're the Lineen coach. Surely your authority

DESTRY: If I stop this match, whatever authority I possess will be compromised.

NYSSA: But if you can stop it

FAYE: No, he's right, Nyssa. It would be a sign of weakness on his part. The peace process would be over

before it even began.

CARLISLE: These things must be approached delicately.

NYSSA: Even if it costs the Doctor his life?

DOCTOR: Stop! Naxy is not a sport! It's barbaric slaughter! A war you cannot win!

(Another player dies screaming.)

DOCTOR: You must stop doing this. You're only killing yourselves. Keep back! Keep

SHARZ: We obliterated them that day. I can remember

GARNY: Sorry to cut you off, skipper, but we have some action in the back field. One of your rookies is in the thick of it.

SHARZ: Oh right. Oh, that's the Doctor.

NYSSA: The Doctor?

GARNEY [OC]: He's currently fighting off a series of vicious attacks from veteran Lineen striker Hab Zakis.

FAYE: Is that your friend, Nyssa?

NYSSA: Yes. He's in trouble.

DESTRY: I don't know. He seems competent enough with a wand.

DOCTOR: I will not be a party to this. Stay back!

GARNY: We're seeing some amazing wand work from the Doctor. Where have you blues been hiding him, Sharz?

SHARZ: He had a so-so pre-match session, but he's a gamer, you can tell that by watching parry Zakis there.

GARNY: Uh oh, he really has his hands full now. Tren Belok coming out to back up Zakis. Look out!

(Gasps.)

NYSSA: Doctor!

CARLISLE: No, he's all right.

DESTRY: Better than all right. He's just knocked down two of my best players.

GARNY: A leg kick, with a forearm sweep, and Belok and Zakis just went down!

SHARZ: The Doctor's taunting them. What a gamer.

GARNY: The Doctor is yelling something at his fallen rivals.

SHARZ: Just a little trash talk, Garny. He's entitled, after that manoeuvre.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, but that was the only way I could see to stop you. Now please, we must end this Game.

GARNY: Belok is grabbing his arm.

SHARZ: Belok's done. Look at him!

GARNY: The Doctor is poised above them, ready to score his first and second eliminations.

SHARZ: Finish 'em! Finish 'em!

GARNY: Something's just happened on the pitch. The Doctor Doctor is running off!

SHARZ: What?

GARNY: He's running off, leaving behind a pair of stunned Lineen strikers.

SHARZ [OC]: What the spez is that fool doing!

DESTRY: He's running from the fight. He's giving up.

NYSSA: The Doctor's no killer.

FAYE: At least he's safe.

DESTRY: For the moment.

NYSSA: Will he be able to get away?

DESTRY: The arena gates are on a timer lock. There's no way to exit until time expires.

CARLISLE: This mad little Game of yours just keeps getting better and better. Nyssa, where are you going?

NYSSA: To the arena. I must find a way to help the Doctor.

FAYE: It's too dangerous.

NYSSA: But I can't just stand here while that announcer cheerfully describes his death.

DESTRY: You'll never get near the pitch.

NYSSA: I found my way here, didn't I?

CARLISLE: Faye, you go. Maybe there is a way to get word down to the players.

FAYE: What am I supposed to say?

CARLISLE: I don't know, but Nyssa's right. We must at least try.

FAYE: Yes. Yes, of course.

NYSSA: I'll go with you.

FAYE: No, stay. I've got full clearance. You'll just slow me down.

DESTRY: It's a waste of time, Ambassador.

FAYE: It's my time to waste, Mister Destry. Care to come watch me prove you wrong?

DESTRY: Very well.

NYSSA: Thank you, Lord Carlisle.

CARLISLE: The least I could do. I only hope they're not too late.

GARNY: Ockle just finished off Belok.

SHARZ: Well, that's something.

GARNY: And Meri has eliminated Zakis. But as the Doctor's coach you must be disappointed by what we saw transpire.

SHARZ: Absolutely. I'll be having a word with him later.

GARNY: And that's not your only problem, Sharz, because Lineen striker Layz has just dropped your old pal Nerleen with an excellent forearm dig coupled with a text book throat swipe. Still another drop for the Gora. It seems you're on your way to seven straight losses, Sharz.

SHARZ: It ain't over till it's over.

GARNY: Well, that's certainly true.

NYSSA: How did Cray become like this? How could these people turn such bloodshed into a Game?

CARLISLE: It was the other way round, actually, according to Faye. Naxy was once an innocent enough team sport. The Game's fans changed all that.

NYSSA: How?

CARLISLE: Supporters of various Naxy teams used to meet outside the arenas to fight before the matches. Vicious, deadly brawls they were. The people of Cray gradually shifted their interest from what happened on the pitch to the violence outside. Naxy evolved into a lethal combination of the two.

NYSSA: And no one tried to stop it?

CARLISLE: No one wanted to. The Game is everything to these people. They never want to give up playing it.

NYSSA: Until the other team is wiped out.

CARLISLE: Mmm. Sad, really. But then, what war isn't? Now then, you said the Doctor wanted to see me.

NYSSA: Yes.

CARLISLE: Well, I should like to see him.

NYSSA: He'll be so pleased. He's a great fan of yours.

CARLISLE: What?

NYSSA: He goes on and on about your brilliance at negotiating peace. He couldn't wait to meet you.

CARLISLE: Meet me?

NYSSA: Yes. What's the matter? You've gone pale.

CARLISLE: Excuse me.

NYSSA: Lord Carlisle?

CARLISLE: I, I'm sorry. I must deal with an urgent matter.

NYSSA: But the Doctor is

(Door closes.)

OCKLE: What are you playing at, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I refuse to take part in this.

OCKLE: We are out here to play.

DOCTOR: Ockle, at this rate most of us won't survive to ever play again.

OCKLE: You'd best get it together, mate. Those Lineen you tumbled nearly got away without a scratch. You let us down again and it won't be the Lineen you'll have to worry about. Accidents can happen, Doctor.

GARNY: The relative calm of the last quarter Rev as the Gora and Lineen regroup. Let's take you to the east atrium, where the action appears to be heating up again. Apparently Hollis Az has his first elimination of the day.

SHARZ: Took him long enough.

GARNY: Hollis has retired Suzikx with a brilliant backslash to the chest.

SHARZ: Only six away now, isn't he?

GARNY: That's right. We're counting down to Hollis's one hundredth score of the season. He's number two in the league there.

SHARZ: After yours truly.

GARNY: You've accrued 133 eliminations in how many games this season, Sharz?

SHARZ: Twelve, thirteen?

GARNY: Outstanding.

SHARZ: Thanks, Garry.

GARNY: Back to the action on the pitch. The Lineen are swarming. The Gora are on the defensive yet again.

OCKLE: Doctor, watch the rear. Watch the oh!

DOCTOR: Ockle! There's too many of them. We're being massacred. Gora players, listen to me! We might still escape this madness! I have a plan! You must follow me.

SHARZ: Oh, now what's he up to?

GARNY: In the backfield, Ockle's been eliminated. Meanwhile, the Doctor is fairly animated about something.

SHARZ: I can't look any more.

GARNY: He's shouting at his team mates. Whatever he's saying, it's working. The Gora are following him.

NYSSA: He's leading them away. Lord Carlisle? The Doctor's getting them to stop fighting. Lord Carlisle, I oh. Sir, I've spilled your papers. I wanted to tell you that. Oh, conditions for covertly extending hostilities.

Rendezvous at Terrace Diva, Arena Bells.

CARLISLE: What's happening? I heard shouting.

NYSSA: Some, some of your papers fell.

CARLISLE: Just leave them for Faye. Is the Doctor all right?

NYSSA: The Gora have begun following him. I think they're trying to get away.

DOCTOR: Over there. The left flank is open. If we all head for this western gate we may be able to break through. Come on! This way.

GARNY: Gora rookie the Doctor is leading his team mates in an apparent attempt to flee Lineen strikers.

SHARZ: This is a sickening display, Garry. Cowardice on this scale is

GARNY: Lineen look as surprised as we are. The Gora are near the western gates.

SHARZ: Look, isn't that Pakle? It is Pakle! Look at him go!

GARNY: Gora striker Emin Pakle, followed by Jareth, Dai and Findus, have

SHARZ: Attaboy, Pakle!

GARNY: They've just pushed themselves back around and behind the Lineen strikers. They've caught the Lineen flat-footed!

SHARZ: Oh, there goes Chollop.

GARNY: Pakle has eliminated Chollop. Dozens more Lineen are dropping in an instant. The Doctor's actions now looking more and more like a brilliant strategic tactic.

SHARZ: Yes.

DOCTOR: No! I meant for us to escape. You must stop this.

GARNY [OC]: We see the Doctor there, apparently giving off a battle cry.

NYSSA: It isn't a battle cry, it's rage. People are dying all around him.

CARLISLE: At least he's out of danger again.

NYSSA: The Doctor would rather forfeit his own life than cause the deaths of all those people.

DESTRY: This way, Ambassador. If we can get closer, I can shout new orders to my players.

FAYE: What's gotten the crowd so excited?

DESTRY: The Rev is almost over. They must be excited about

FAYE: Wait, isn't that him over there?

DESTRY: Who?

FAYE: The Doctor. I can see him. Doctor! Doctor! No, it's no good, he can't hear me. We have to move closer.

DESTRY: No.

FAYE: Destry, come on.

DESTRY: Something's wrong. Something is very wrong.

FAYE: What?

DESTRY: Those retired players are all Lineen.

FAYE: Where are you going? We have to go this way.

DESTRY: I must see what's happening.

FAYE: Destry, we're supposed to be helping the Doctor.

DESTRY: Never mind the Doctor, my players need me. Stay on the offence! Take the battle to the enemy!

FAYE: So much for our patron of peace. Doctor!

GARNY: Eight, possibly nine dozen Lineen strikers have retired in a very short amount of time. Our statistician is trying to get the names of all players involved.

SHARZ: Ha ha! This is unprecedented.

GARNY: One surprising footnote. The Doctor has yet to score a single point.

SHARZ: Doesn't matter. That manoeuvre he masterminded has completely changed the configuration of the Game.

GARNY: 163, I'm told. 163 Lineen were retired in just that last sweep. I see Friston and Mers.

SHARZ: Ockle in a power touch. Pakle to Car Partas! Who saw that coming?

GARNY: Certainly not Partas. There's the buzzer, and the wands all lower in unison. Quite a match, eh, Sharz?

SHARZ: Oh, sorry, I'm busted. That was, that was amazing!

GARNY: A few Gora supporters would disagree with you. We'll be back with a wrap-up and a chat with today's star of the Game right after this message from Majestic Tyres.

DOCTOR: You were meant to follow me out of the arena. This wasn't what I intended.

SHARZ: Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR: Sharz.

SHARZ: I thought you were great. Oi. Oh, ow! Hey, back off, Doc. Game's over, all right?

DOCTOR: You deceived me, Sharz. You nearly got me killed!

SHARZ: It all worked out in the end.

DOCTOR: Worked out? Hundreds of people have just been slaughtered!

SHARZ: And thanks to you, most of them were Lineen. Come, meet Garny Diblick. He's here to interview you.

GARNY: A pleasure, Doctor. Great Game.

DOCTOR: What?

TECH: Okay, stand by. We're back in five, four, three.

GARNY: Welcome back. We're live on the pitch with the Gora's newest superstar, the Doctor. Incredible result today, Doctor. Your redirection of the Gora strikers was the turning point of the match, perhaps the season. What inspired that tactical masterstroke?

DOCTOR: A bloodbath, Garny. Naxy is not a sport, it's sanctioned genocide. To allow it to continue one more mmmph!

SHARZ: He's a bit wound up, Garny. I'll field this one for him. This was just one of those days where a superior athlete was on top of his Game. The Doctor had tremendous rhythm out there. His focus, his concentration, his wand, everything was as good as it could be.

DOCTOR: The people of Cray are victims of a

GARNY: Er, sorry to cut you off, Doctor, but we understand Hollis Az is talking with reporters in the press room. Let's take you there now.

HOLLIS [OC]: It was that kind of Game. We knew where we messed up and how they capitalised on it. We failed to execute and they had a bigger expert than we did. No further questions.

GARNY: So a down-beat Hollis proceeds to lick his wounds after a day which saw the Gora obliterate the Lineen. Getting his hundredth elimination of the season on a day like today is obviously a bitter sweet experience. With that, we'll end today's Naxy coverage. We invite you millions of fans to join us again tomorrow for another exciting match. For Sharz Sevix, this is Garny Diblick wishing you a good Naxy night.

TECH: We're clear.

DOCTOR: You won't get away with this, Sharz. This Game cannot continue.

SHARZ: Oh, I dunno about that. You know that Darzil Carlisle fellow you mentioned back at the pub? That negotiator?

DOCTOR: What about him?

SHARZ: Me and Destry will be meeting with him tomorrow. They're calling them peace talks or something.

DOCTOR: Yes, because their intention is to end the war which you call Naxy.

SHARZ: Right. Funny thing is, the Game's gotten a bit sticky for us Gora lately. Embarrassed to say I was even considering calling it a day while I still had something to show for it.

DOCTOR: But?

SHARZ: Well, it's obvious, innit? The Gora have new life thanks to you.

DOCTOR: I was trying to prevent those deaths.

SHARZ: Well, like it or not, Doctor, you're the new golden boy of Naxy. And I ain't stopping this Game until every single Lineen striker is retired. We're gonna end it all. Total elimination.

[Part Three]

NYSSA: They've turned the Doctor into some kind of hero.

CARLISLE: He's alive. That's something, I suppose.

NYSSA: Try not to sound so pleased.

CARLISLE: Well, he hasn't exactly improved the chances for peace, has he.

NYSSA: I'd better go and find him.

CARLISLE: I'll come too.

NYSSA: Er, what about the peace talks?

CARLISLE: What about them?

NYSSA: Shouldn't you prepare for them?

CARLISLE: Well, I imagine I could.

NYSSA: Lord Carlisle.

CARLISLE: Mmm?

NYSSA: Those papers I knocked over. They were *yours*, weren't they?

CARLISLE: Yes. Why?

NYSSA: Well, one of them

(Door bursts open.)

CARLISLE: Faye.

NYSSA: Faye, what is it? What's wrong?

FAYE: (crying) Those Naxy players, the violence. I couldn't believe. I couldn't believe.

CARLISLE: But you've seen the recordings of the games.

FAYE: It didn't seem as real on television.

NYSSA: Faye, did you find the Doctor?

FAYE: We'd got right down to the pitch, when Destry just ran off. It was then that I noticed the bodies. The blood was everywhere.

NYSSA: I know, I know. Lord Carlisle.

CARLISLE: I'll look after her. You go and check on the Doctor.

NYSSA: Thank you.

(Lots of chatter.)

HOLLIS: Come on, lads. It's all good. We'll get 'em back tomorrow. The Gora'll come out all cocky and that's when my blade gets thirsty. Whack! Thwack! Wait and see.

DESTRY: Hollis.

HOLLIS: Hey, yeah, Coach.

DESTRY: My office. Now.

HOLLIS: Coach, I just want to say

DESTRY: How dare you! (thump) You let that amateur, the Doctor, make fools of us.

HOLLIS: He... we had an off day, Mister Destry, that's all.

DESTRY: How many strikers did we loose today?

HOLLIS: I don't know. Couple of hundred.

DESTRY: Four hundred. Zakis, Belok, many of our best gone like that.

HOLLIS: But we're still way up for the year.

DESTRY: Not for long at this rate.

HOLLIS: I'll get them back next Game.

DESTRY: Yes, you will. Beginning with the Doctor. You're going to make sure his Naxy career ends as quickly as it began.

NYSSA: Doctor!

DOCTOR: I told you, I will not sign any autographs. I... Nyssa.

NYSSA: I'm so relieved you're all right.

DOCTOR: Yes, well, so am I.

NYSSA: What's this about autographs?

DOCTOR: The Gora faithful seem to have made me their new Naxy superstar.

NYSSA: I was so frightened for you. I told Lord Carlisle that

DOCTOR: Lord Carlisle?

NYSSA: Yes.

DOCTOR: You've met him?

NYSSA: I have.

DOCTOR: Well, what's he like? Did you get a picture?

NYSSA: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Nyssa.

NYSSA: He's very... nice. And I did not get a picture.

DOCTOR: How close did you get?

NYSSA: As close as I am to you now.

DOCTOR: How did you ever manage to do

NYSSA: He was in a private meeting when I accidentally sort of barged in.

DOCTOR: You barged in on
NYSSA: I was lost.
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: I said be discreet.
NYSSA: Well, you should talk.
DOCTOR: Yes, fair point. Come on.
NYSSA: Where?
DOCTOR: The Tardis. I need to wash off this face paint. The negotiation's tomorrow and I can't very well meet Darzil Carlisle looking like this.

HOLLIS: I won't do it.
DESTRY: You have no choice, Hollis.
HOLLIS: I don't care. I ain't wasting my one-on-one challenge on him.
DESTRY: The Doctor is a threat. He must be eliminated.
HOLLIS: But Coach!
DESTRY: The Gora are desperate. Their dying regime views this as the moment to strike, thinking that we're vulnerable. They're wrong. Hollis, the Doctor cannot be allowed to encourage our enemy. Eliminating him is an honourable thing to do.
HOLLIS: But what about Sharz?
DESTRY: What about him?
HOLLIS: Sharz eliminated my father, my brother Milz.
DESTRY: Yes, I know. And deep down you think he'll eliminate you too.
HOLLIS: Let me use my one-on-one challenge against him, and I'll show you who does the eliminating.
DESTRY: Yes, very impressive. Still, you may get your wish.
HOLLIS: What do you mean?
DESTRY: If we're lucky, there may not even be a one-on-one challenge tomorrow. You remember Darzil Carlisle?
HOLLIS: Who? That old Earth man? Sure.
DESTRY: He is a peace negotiator. He came to Cray to end Naxy.
HOLLIS: What!
DESTRY: I'm only telling you because, as my star striker, you are to attend the peace talks with me.
HOLLIS: But, end the Game? We're so close to winning.
DESTRY: It's for the good of our entire world. If Sharz accepts my terms, your challenge to the Doctor can be dismissed. But if the talks fail, if the Game goes on, you have no choice but to eliminate him.

DOCTOR: Leave Cray.
NYSSA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Why?
NYSSA: It's too dangerous.
DOCTOR: But don't you want to see how Lord Carlisle ends the war? What's wrong? You're hiding something from me, aren't you?
NYSSA: I found this in Lord Carlisle's quarters.
DOCTOR: Some sort of balance sheet. So?
NYSSA: Read the back. His name isn't on it, but
DOCTOR: Prolong hostilities in the Cray Naxy conflict. Where was this?
NYSSA: Mixed in with his papers.
DOCTOR: You're positive they were his?
NYSSA: Don't you believe me?
DOCTOR: Nyssa, this man is the greatest force for peace
NYSSA: In the cosmos. So you keep telling me. But you've never met him, have you. I think he was friendly enough, but, well, what if he's not who you think he is?
DOCTOR: This note could just be something he's investigating.
NYSSA: It's from a private channel, authorised to Darzil Carlisle. And what about the rendezvous point.
DOCTOR: Terrace Diva, Arena Bells. Very well, then.
NYSSA: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Seeing if the Tardis has picked up any unusual transmissions. Cray is a fairly isolated planet so it shouldn't take long to find out if
NYSSA: Anything?
DOCTOR: No. No trace of a signal to anywhere off-planet. Wait a moment.
NYSSA: What is it?
DOCTOR: It may be a common link signal to a nearby satellite.
NYSSA: Common link? That's to anyone who wants to pick it up, right?

DOCTOR: Yes. Nothing suspicious about that, but there's a shadow signal sort of hiding underneath it.

NYSSA: Is that possible?

DOCTOR: Well, as I'm looking right at it, I would tend to think so.

NYSSA: Who's sending it?

DOCTOR: I can't be sure, but it's bouncing down to another location on Cray.

NYSSA: Where?

DOCTOR: Where? Yes, well, judging by these rough coordinates from the Tardis maps, it's a place the locals refer to as Arena Bells.

NYSSA: Arena Bells.

DOCTOR: Get some sleep, Nyssa. Tomorrow morning we're paying a visit to Lord Carlisle.

CARLISLE: Privacy channel four. Carlisle, 10028. Yes, it's me. The situation here is... So you say. But I still don't like it. I can't afford any disappointments. I want to know everything you intend to do.

(Tardis door opens.)

NYSSA: Shall I bring your camera?

DOCTOR: No. Best not this time.

(Tardis door closes.)

NYSSA: What are you going to say to him?

DOCTOR: Apart from hello? Not entirely sure.

FAYE: Nyssa.

NYSSA: Faye.

FAYE: I thought that was you. Hello.

NYSSA: Hello. You're feeling better then.

FAYE: Much better, thanks. If anything, what I saw yesterday made me even more determined to end Naxy.

(The Doctor clears his throat.)

NYSSA: Oh, sorry, Doctor. This is Ambassador Faye Davis.

DOCTOR: Pleasure to meet you, Ambassador.

FAYE: Likewise. So is this blue box your spacecraft?

NYSSA: On good days.

FAYE: Pardon?

DOCTOR: Ignore Nyssa's pedestrian comedy. How did you find us?

FAYE: Sharz. He and I were just reviewing the protocol for this afternoon's talks. He said he first met you at a pub around the corner, so I decided to have a wander and look for you. Didn't think I'd actually find you though.

DOCTOR: It would seem unlikely.

FAYE: Oh, before I forget, Doctor. Coach Destry wants to see you.

DOCTOR: Destry? He's the one trying to end the Game?

FAYE: Right. I was about to go meet with him. You can join me if you like.

NYSSA: Won't Sharz mind the Doctor conferring with a rival coach?

FAYE: Doubt it. It was Sharz who told me Destry wanted to see him.

NYSSA: Perhaps you should go with Faye while I talk to Lord Carlisle on my own.

DOCTOR: What? No, I don't think I

NYSSA: Look, you can always join me later.

DOCTOR: Very well. I've waited this long. What's a few more hours? Lead on, Ambassador.

(Hubbub of voices.)

GARNY [OC]: Should be an exciting Game tonight. Earlier today I had a chance to speak with Lineen coach Bela Destry, after last night's devastating loss.

DESTRY [OC]: This setback only makes our task clearer. The Lineen have many advantages in this Game of Naxy. We have resolute players, we are vigilant, and we know our honour must be defended. Our team is focussed and unwavering. We've an effective plan of battle and the flexibility to meet every challenge.

SHARZ: Switch it off, Feeb.

DESTRY [OC]: Nothing, nothing will divert us from our clear and

SHARZ: Switch it off or I'll switch it off with my fist!

DESTRY [OC]: And we will prevail.

SHARZ: We'll see who prevails, Mister Destry. The Gora may be down, but you'll soon see we ain't out.

FAYE: We're on Arena Bells.

DOCTOR: Right now?

FAYE: It surrounds the whole Naxy pitch.

DOCTOR: I see.

FAYE: Bells is the Cray word for surrounding road. Arena Bells is massive, but it's usually pretty dead unless

there's a Game on.

DOCTOR: This is your first visit to Cray?

FAYE: Yes. Why?

DOCTOR: You seem remarkably well-informed.

FAYE: Well, it's not too hard to grasp the basics. Because of its geology, Cray only has one major city. The virtual tours are a big help too.

DOCTOR: And what do the virtual tours say about a place called Terrace Diva.

FAYE: I don't (faints)

DOCTOR: Faye? Faye!

(Knock on door, door opens and closes. A tinkling version of Holst's Jupiter is playing.)

BUTLER: Lord Carlisle? Sir?

CARLISLE: Oh, what now?

BUTLER: You have a visitor.

CARLISLE: Oh. Nyssa. Er, sorry. One moment.

(Music turned off.)

NYSSA: Preparing for the negotiations?

CARLISLE: Er, yes. On a break. Butler, some tea for our guest. Some tea! My robot butler. I have to shout. The thing's gone deaf in one sensor. I've tried to have it repaired, but er... So, to what do I owe this visit?

NYSSA: A simple question. What do you know of Terrace Diva at Arena Bells?

DOCTOR: Are you feeling better?

FAYE: Just a bit woozy. I've been fighting off some kind of virus ever since I got here.

DOCTOR: Your eyes.

FAYE: What about them?

DOCTOR: They're blood-shot.

FAYE: It's probably just an allergy.

DOCTOR: You should rest.

FAYE: No, I'm fine. Let's get going.

DOCTOR: Perhaps you're overworked. The stress must be

FAYE: I said I'm fine.

DOCTOR: Very well. Hmm.

FAYE: What?

DOCTOR: This coin. It was on the ground there.

FAYE: Are you that hard up for cash?

DOCTOR: It's from the Bank of Galtry.

FAYE: Galtry? Galtry is on the other side of the galaxy.

DOCTOR: Well, the galaxy has many sides, but your meaning is clear. Why would it be on a Cray pavement?

FAYE: Doctor, Destry's waiting.

DOCTOR: That's another thing. Why is Coach Destry so determined to end the Game?

FAYE: Death's not a good enough reason?

DOCTOR: According to Sharz, the Lineen are on the verge of winning the Game outright.

FAYE: Doctor, the Game is a war.

DOCTOR: I know, but think about it. The Gora are on the brink of total elimination. Why should Destry end Naxy when he's so close to victory?

FAYE: I don't know.

DOCTOR: Neither do I. Let's go and see if we can't find out.

NYSSA: So you've never heard of Arena Bells?

CARLISLE: Afraid not. Is it important?

NYSSA: It may be. Or it may be nothing.

CARLISLE: Sorry I couldn't be more helpful.

NYSSA: No, it's fine. I'm rather relieved, actually.

CARLISLE: Well, I should get back to work.

NYSSA: Yes. Lord Carlisle?

CARLISLE: Hmm?

NYSSA: What makes you do it?

CARLISLE: Do what?

NYSSA: Bring peace to so many places.

CARLISLE: Oh, well, I don't know. It just sort of happens.

NYSSA: The Doctor says you've saved billions of lives.

CARLISLE: Yes, and he would know, wouldn't he. Although according to you, the Doctor's never met me.

NYSSA: Of course not.
CARLISLE: Twaddle.
NYSSA: What?
CARLISLE: That's twaddle.
NYSSA: What's twaddle?
CARLISLE: Whatever twaddle is, that's it.
NYSSA: Are you saying you've heard of the Doctor before?
CARLISLE: Heard of him? He's my best friend.

DESTRY: Do you smoke, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Never.
DESTRY: Pity. (lights up) I'll get right to it. We want your approval of the new Doctor Naxy boot. We've got several patterns which Marketing has been sitting on. I think the best of them is probably
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
DESTRY: About what?
DOCTOR: What does this have to do with me?
DESTRY: What, didn't Sharz explain how this works?
FAYE: How what works?
DESTRY: The Balance Statute. Each team handles the other's marketing and promotions. Take Hollis. Anything with his face on it is selling like mad right now, but every penny made from selling Hollis boots, Hollis shirts and Hollis posters goes to the Gora. The reverse is true for us.
FAYE: You mean you're actually marketing the enemy? Why would you do that?
DESTRY: To keep the Game competitive. The team which loses on the field gets the resources to invest in better equipment, more sophisticated training machinery. Eventually the losing team becomes the winning team and the pattern reverses.
DOCTOR: So the Game need never end.
DESTRY: Precisely. But with all our Lineen victories we've been lacking financially these past few seasons, and that's why when a Gora like you pops up, we have to exploit him to the fullest. I'm grateful to finally sell something which doesn't have Sharz's ugly face on it.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I won't be participating in any marketing schemes. Your little death machine is running fine without my help, thank you.
DESTRY: Please yourself. You'll earn us money whether you cooperate or not.
FAYE: You are merchandising his image to promote slaughter and death.
DESTRY: Our system is designed to keep the Game honest, Ambassador.
DOCTOR: Yes, because honest annihilation is far preferable to the dishonest kind.
DESTRY: I am one of the few people working to change the system, Doctor, but the only way I can do it is from within. I suggest you join me. Now, about that Naxy boot.

CARLISLE: I'm a fraud. My reputation is a sham, it's a ruse, a deceit. Oh, I'm running out of synonyms. Did I already say fraud?
NYSSA: Lord Carlisle, calm down. Start at the beginning.
CARLISLE: I don't actually do what I've been doing for the past fifty years..
NYSSA: All right. Start before the beginning.
CARLISLE: Nyssa, it isn't Darzil Carlisle who is the greatest force for peace in the cosmos, it's the Doctor.
NYSSA: But he's never met you.
CARLISLE: He has, only, only his past is my future. Er, wait, no, other way round. Yes. No. Yes.
NYSSA: Lord Carlisle.
CARLISLE: The Doctor is my secret peace weapon. Every negotiation I ever negotiated, *he* negotiated. Well, apart from Zarek Four.
NYSSA: What happened on Zarek Four?
CARLISLE: Oh, it's not important. The point is, without his help I'll never end the war on Cray.
NYSSA: But he came here to see *you* end the war.
CARLISLE: Well then, we're doomed, aren't we.
NYSSA: But after all those negotiations you must have learned something?
CARLISLE: The Doctor did everything. At one negotiation I only showed up for about two minutes in total. He made me take all the credit, of course.
NYSSA: But why would he ever do that?
CARLISLE: I don't know. He never told me. I'm nothing special, Nyssa. All I ever really wanted to do was to be a musician, and I was. And a good one, too. Until the Doctor came along and turned me into some icon for peace. Oh, don't get me wrong, I adore him. He's looked after me again and again. But he's made a ruddy great mess of my life.
NYSSA: You're respected and admired throughout the cosmos.
CARLISLE: That's what I mean. A mess.

(Knock on door, door opens.)

CARLISLE: Yes?

GUARD: We're here to escort Lord Carlisle to the conference hall.

CARLISLE: Blast. Nyssa, make sure the Doctor attends the conference.

NYSSA: I will.

CARLISLE: And you'll be there as well?

NYSSA: Of course. I just need to locate this Terrace Diva place first.

CARLISLE: Well, don't take too long. Wish me luck. I really shall need it.

FAYE: We're just curious, that's all.

DESTRY: If you must know, my desire to end the bloodshed has recently overtaken my desire to win.

DOCTOR: Which is very noble of you, but the illogical question is, why now?

DESTRY: If you're quite through, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Destry.

(Knock on door.)

DESTRY: Come.

SHARZ: Ah, Doctor. Thought you might still be here. I thought we might head over to the peace talks together, seeing as how you're my Lieutenant.

DOCTOR: Your what?

SHARZ: Each Coach is bringing one superstar to represent them at the table. Destry chose Hollis, I chose you. So this way you and Hollis can get all worked up at the peace talks, then right after you can go and play your one-on-one Game.

DOCTOR: What one-on-one Game? Why does everyone on this planet speak so cryptically?

SHARZ: It was all over the news this morning. Hollis Az, the Lineen's number one striker, has selected you for his one-on-one Naxy Game.

DOCTOR: Oh, I see. And this Game is to the death, presumably?

DESTRY: It's a single elimination contest, yes.

DOCTOR: Then I refuse.

DESTRY: Well, if you refuse, Naxy rules state that thirty Gora strikers are to be eliminated in your place. You'll then be executed and buried without a grave, without honour.

FAYE: Are there any laws on this planet which favour the innocent?

DESTRY: It may comfort you both to know that the Doctor's one-on-one would replace our normal Naxy Game, so by accepting Hollis's challenge, Doctor, several hundred more lives would be spared. Of course, the choice is entirely up to you.

DOCTOR: It seems I have no choice at all.

SHARZ: Attaboy! Hey, for this Game, let's get that cute little friend of yours to be a cheerleader.

DOCTOR: Her name is Nyssa, Sharz. And by now she's probably at a place called Terrace Diva on Arena Bells.

DESTRY: Terrace Diva?

DOCTOR: Yes.

DESTRY: Was she on her own?

DOCTOR: Most likely. Why do you ask?

DESTRY: There have been several murders in that district in recent days.

FAYE: More like several thousand.

DESTRY: No, these weren't Naxy related. It was an unknown assailant. Each victim had their neck snapped.

DOCTOR: Then Nyssa may be in great danger. Come on.

NYSSA: Hello? Hello? Can anyone hear me? This *must* be the place. I triple-checked those coordinates. But there's nothing here but miles and miles of concrete walls. Is someone there? I only wanted to ask you a few questions about... I'm sorry if I disturbed you. I'm

(Snarl.)

NYSSA: Wait. Stay back. Stay!

(Roar, scream!)

[Part Four]

HOLLIS: Nyssa!

NYSSA: Hollis, help!

(Fight.)

NYSSA: Hollis! Hollis, are you all right?

HOLLIS: I think so. What about you?

NYSSA: Just a bit shaken.

HOLLIS: What was that thing?

NYSSA: I don't know.
HOLLIS: Where did it go?
NYSSA: I don't know that either, but that wall opened, I'm sure of it.
HOLLIS: Well, it's sealed now
NYSSA: It's a lucky thing you were around.
HOLLIS: Not really. The Lineen locker rooms are right back there.
NYSSA: We must find the Doctor. He might know what that thing was. Hollis! Hollis!
HOLLIS: Nyssa, I don't think we should talk anymore.
NYSSA: Why?
HOLLIS: Because the Doctor's your friend.
NYSSA: So?
HOLLIS: I challenged him to a one-on-one Game of Naxy. The Game goes until one of us is eliminated.
NYSSA: What! You can't. Hollis! Come back, Hollis.

FAYE: No sign of her.
DOCTOR: You're sure this is the place?
DESTRY: I believe so.
DOCTOR: Sharz?
SHARZ: Don't ask me. I've never heard of Terrace Diva.
DESTRY: It's a place name from back when Naxy was a less violent Game.
DOCTOR: And only you know of it.
DESTRY: One of my ancestors mentioned it in his diaries. How did you hear of it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Nyssa saw a reference to it. What else can you tell me about these murders?
DESTRY: Very little. Victims disappear. A few days later their bodies turn up mauled and covered in blood.
FAYE: Ah, sorry to change this lovely subject, but
DOCTOR: Peace talks.
FAYE: They begin in half a Rev.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course.
SHARZ: And the sooner started, the sooner finished. Doctor's going to need all the practice time he can get to beat Hollis in a one-on-one.
DOCTOR: I won't be playing Naxy again, Sharz.
SHARZ: But I told you
DOCTOR: I understand your rules, but Darzil Carlisle is negotiating for peace today. With his guidance, the days of Naxy are well and truly over. I'll stake his reputation on it.

NYSSA: Hollis, why won't you talk to me?
HOLLIS: What do you want me to say, huh? You know none of this crazy stuff happened until all you aliens showed up.
NYSSA: Xenophobia's not going to solve Cray's problems, Hollis.
HOLLIS: No, I know.
NYSSA: You don't want to fight the Doctor, do you?
HOLLIS: Of course not.
NYSSA: Then withdraw your challenge.
HOLLIS: It's against the rules.
NYSSA: Rules? Hollis, the Doctor may die because of your precious rules.
HOLLIS: I told Destry to let me challenge Sharz instead, but he said no.
NYSSA: What would that accomplish?
HOLLIS: Revenge.
NYSSA: For what?
HOLLIS: Nyssa, my father was one of the greatest Naxy players ever, until the day a Gora rookie named Sharz Sevix challenged him to a one-on-one. Everyone laughed at the idea. Sharz had only retired twelve strikers in his career.
NYSSA: But Sharz won.
HOLLIS: Dad's blade attachment came loose. Sharz took advantage of him and
NYSSA: I'm so sorry.
HOLLIS: Then, three cycles ago, my brother Mils challenged Sharz to a one-on-one. Sharz dropped him in the shortest time on record.
NYSSA: Killing Sharz won't bring them back, Hollis.
HOLLIS: No. But unless today's peace talks go well, the Doctor and I will have a one-on-one Game tonight.
NYSSA: You mean it all hinges on Lord Carlisle?
HOLLIS: Yeah.
NYSSA: Oh dear.

FAYE: Could we settle, please? Settle. Doctor, please take your seat.
SHARZ: You're here next to me, Doc.
DOCTOR: Nyssa is still unaccounted for.
DESTRY: So's Hollis.
FAYE: Well, we'll have to begin the negotiation without them. Lord Carlisle is
(Door opens.)
FAYE: Ah, wait. Here they are at last.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
SHARZ: Oh, they look a bit sweaty. What have they been up to, eh?
HOLLIS: Shut it, Sharz.
DESTRY: Hollis, come and sit down.
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
NYSSA: Yes, thanks to Hollis.
DOCTOR: What happened?
NYSSA: Some sort of creature. I've never seen anything like it before.
DOCTOR: We'll have to wait until later. The important thing now is, did you confront Lord Carlisle?
NYSSA: I did.
DOCTOR: And?
NYSSA: He's innocent, I'm sure of it.
DOCTOR: What about the memo?
NYSSA: I didn't mention it. I decided the fewer people who knew about it, the better.
DOCTOR: Yes. Very wise. At least now we can sit and enjoy Carlisle's peace-making prowess in... peace.
NYSSA: But Doctor, there's something else.
(Door opens.)
FAYE: Silence, please. All rise for Lord Carlisle.
CARLISLE: Be seated. Ambassador?
FAYE: Thank you, sir. As most of you know, our presence on Cray is designed to facilitate an amenable conclusion to hostilities which have lead to the deaths of so many of your fellow citizens. We hope you appreciate that we perform our duties impartially, and that we retain no vested interest in the outcome for either party's benefit.
SHARZ: Get on with it! We've got a one-on-one match to win, right? Eh, Doctor?
FAYE: I'd like to move on to the opening statements. Mister Destry.
DESTRY: Yes, er, thank you, Ambassador. We Lineen are a strong team, and honourable in the use of our strength. By acting today I hope we might save countless lives in the future. We seek peace, but if Naxy is forced upon us, rest assured we Lineen shall play with full force and meet the enemy head-on, and prevail.
FAYE: Thank you, Mister Destry. Mister Sevix, your statement.
SHARZ: I don't think so.
FAYE: Then I yield to his Lordship, Darzil Carlisle.
CARLISLE: Oh, er, oh yes. Now then, the er Cray situation has been a decidedly difficult one to understand. In fact er, the er
SHARZ: Oh, wake me when he finishes his sentence.
CARLISLE: So, let's see. The Gora are unhappy with the Lineen, and the Lineen are likewise unhappy. Now then. Who wants to start the ball rolling? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, Lord Carlisle?
CARLISLE: Did you say something?
DOCTOR: No, Lord Carlisle.
CARLISLE: Oh. Did you want to?
DOCTOR: No, I'm happy to listen.
CARLISLE: Oh.
FAYE: It is important to point out that there have been over fifty thousand fatalities just this season. This is, in a word, unacceptable. Naxy is a Game in which the winners are murderers, and the losers die a horrible bloody death. Gora eliminations in the past five Naxy seasons total 78349. The Lineen fatalities are not much better. 65418. A further cause for concern is the indication that this trend has led to a policy in which any injured players must be returned to the field of play within ten days. The players themselves argue that this permits them a more honourable retirement, but the fact remains that the retirement of these injured participants is tantamount to sacrifice. In most civilised cultures, the acts which are perpetrated on a daily basis here would result in the arrest and conviction of
NYSSA: Doctor, I need to talk to you.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, not now.
NYSSA: But Doctor, Darzil Carlisle is
DOCTOR: It's all right, he's done this dozens of times. He's disarming us so we'll underestimate him. He'll pull it together.

FAYE: Now, Lord Carlisle, if you'd like to continue.
CARLISLE: I don't know that I could say it any better than that.
FAYE: Sir, if these talks conclude unsuccessfully, the Doctor and Hollis will play a Naxy Game tonight, to the death.
CARLISLE: Yes, I know, I know. Oh blast.
NYSSA: Sharz, has it always been just two Naxy teams?
DOCTOR: Nyssa!
FAYE: Silence, please. Go on, Lord Carlisle.
CARLISLE: Thank you, Ambassador. Sharz, has it always been just two Naxy teams?
SHARZ: No. Used to be a couple of dozen.
CARLISLE: What, recently?
SHARZ: Not unless you call four hundred years ago recent.
DOCTOR: I would.
SHARZ: Them other teams all folded years ago. My Granddad used to tell me Dad about going to see er, the Gora play Havik, back when he was a boy.
CARLISLE: So all the Havik died?
SHARZ: They went under, yeah. Didn't have the players, you know.
NYSSA: How could you not see that Naxy is destroying your world?
FAYE: Nyssa! One more outburst and I'll have to ask you to leave the hall.
SHARZ: Naxy's been very good to me, darling. I started out with nothing and made it all the way to Gora Coach, and without any help from my parents.
DESTRY: Have a care, Sharz.
HOLLIS: Yeah. Shut it, Sharz.
SHARZ: Make me, punk.
FAYE: Gentlemen, enough. I, I, oh. Oh God. (thud)
DESTRY: Ambassador.
CARLISLE: What's happening? What's wrong with her?
DESTRY: What's it look like. She's collapsed. Hollis, help her up.
FAYE: No! Don't touch me. Out of my way! All of you, keep back.
NYSSA: Faye! Doctor, her face was as white as a sheet.
DOCTOR: And she was sweating profusely.
NYSSA: What do you think happened?
DOCTOR: She was complaining earlier about some sort of fever.
DESTRY: Lord Carlisle, perhaps some sort of recess is in order. Until tomorrow?
CARLISLE: Yes, that seems like a
NYSSA: Tomorrow? But the Doctor faces death tonight.
CARLISLE: Oh. Oh yes. No, no. No recess. No.
SHARZ: This is a heck of a negotiation you humans run here. See you on the practice pitch, Doctor.
NYSSA: Wait. Sharz.
DESTRY: Hollis, go prepare for your match.
NYSSA: No, please, don't go. Hollis.
HOLLIS: Sorry, Nyssa. It's my job.
CARLISLE: Doctor, please, forgive me.
DOCTOR: It's never a good idea to meet your heroes, is it?
CARLISLE: I did the best I could. I mean, I don't even know where to begin.
DOCTOR: Try the end. What just happened in here?
CARLISLE: I was, I was
DOCTOR: Your reputation has been one of the utmost esteem. The work you've done on behalf of peace under some of the most adverse conditions is truly a marvel, but this session was a complete failure.
NYSSA: But Doctor
CARLISLE: No, Nyssa. I deserve this.
DOCTOR: I hope you'll appreciate that I say all this within the context of the greatest respect. I certainly wish you better luck at your next Naxy negotiation.
CARLISLE: Yes. I'm sorry. So, so sorry. (leaves)
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: It had to be said, Nyssa.
NYSSA: He needs help. Anyone can see that.
DOCTOR: I know, but it doesn't make sense. Unless every relevant history book is wrong, which happens often enough but shouldn't be the case this time. Carlisle is far too important to this galaxy's history. The most troubling fact is that he knew what was at stake. I could see it clearly enough in his eyes.
NYSSA: He did his best.
DOCTOR: It was an embarrassment, Nyssa.
NYSSA: I suppose so. And that's why I've decided to stay on.

DOCTOR: Stay on?

NYSSA: With Lord Carlisle. It just occurred to me that I might do more good as his aide.

DOCTOR: Nyssa, I told you. Cray is where he oversaw his final negotiation before retirement.

NYSSA: Yes, but he'll still have tremendous influence. Perhaps, perhaps I can help him use that influence for good.

DOCTOR: Have you discussed this with him?

NYSSA: I've only just thought of it. But once the Cray crisis is settled

DOCTOR: Nyssa.

NYSSA: He needs me more than you do. It's that simple. I never intended to travel with you indefinitely.

DOCTOR: No. Though as it looks now, I soon may not be able to travel myself.

(Knock, door opens.)

DESTRY: Faye. Faye.

FAYE: Stay away from me, Destry.

DESTRY: I've brought you something. Someone, actually. He's here to make you feel good again.

FAYE: Morian?

DESTRY: Look for yourself.

MORIAN: Hallo, darling.

FAYE: Morian!

MORIAN: That's right, baby. I'm back. I came back just for you.

NYSSA: I'm sorry that was so unpleasant.

CARLISLE: I don't know what he expects of me. He's the reason I'm like this. He's always made me feel like I can relax and let him do all the work, and now suddenly I'm supposed to do it.

NYSSA: He isn't the Doctor you know. Not yet, anyway.

CARLISLE: No, no, I know. Oh, I can't blame him for being upset. After all, I as good as issued his death warrant today.

NYSSA: Lord Carlisle.

CARLISLE: Yes? What is it, Nyssa?

NYSSA: Well, I was just wondering. There is still so much great work you can achieve thanks to your position. I thought I could serve as a sort of aide to you.

CARLISLE: What about the Doctor?

NYSSA: He gave me his blessing.

CARLISLE: Oh, Nyssa. All these years I've had to live with my secret, unable to tell anyone about how the Doctor, well, he, you know.

NYSSA: Then you'll accept my offer?

CARLISLE: Of course, of course.

NYSSA: Excellent. Now our first order of business is to figure out a way to help the Doctor out of this mess.

CARLISLE: Yes, yes. Just a minute. (laughs)

NYSSA: What?

CARLISLE: Oh, Nyssa, our problems are solved.

NYSSA: Why?

CARLISLE: I just realised. The Doctor. It's in his future that he helps me, right?

NYSSA: Yes.

CARLISLE: Well, don't you see? If he's going to do all that after he leaves Cray, then he must survive the Game. We, therefore, have nothing to worry about.

NYSSA: Have you considered the possibility that he only survives because we take action now to save him?

CARLISLE: Oh blast. What are we going to do?

NYSSA: I need to see all of your paperwork about this planet.

CARLISLE: Why?

NYSSA: Someone here is secretly working to extend the Game. If we can discover who it is and implicate them, we may have grounds to suspend the one-on-one, at least until the conspiracy is explored.

CARLISLE: Well, all my papers are either in here or in Faye's quarters.

NYSSA: See what you can find here. I'll check with Faye.

CARLISLE: What about the Doctor?

NYSSA: There isn't much more we can do for him, I'm afraid.

SHARZ: The secret to Naxy is proper training. The right conditioning can make anyone into an athlete.

DOCTOR: Sharz, you are not just an athlete, you are a General sending soldiers to their deaths.

SHARZ: Focus, Doctor. You need to be in the zone in a one-on-one.

DOCTOR: You've been in a few yourself, then.

SHARZ: Thirty seven, won 'em all. Obviously.

DOCTOR: Why is it you play Naxy but Bela Destry doesn't?

SHARZ: Coach is an hereditary title with them Lineen. The Destry family has always owned and coached them. The Gora, on the other hand, believe that particular honour should to the striker who earns it through achievement.

DOCTOR: So as Gora coach, you own your team?

SHARZ: Yeah.

DOCTOR: What if you're eliminated?

SHARZ: The next best player takes over. All right, that's time.

DOCTOR: Could you ever just stop playing?

SHARZ: Quit? I've got a wife and son to support.

DOCTOR: A son? So he'll be out in the field some day.

SHARZ: That's the plan.

DOCTOR: Risking his life for a few magazine covers and a few dollars he'll be lucky he survives long enough to spend. You must be very proud.

SHARZ: It's an honour to represent your team.

DOCTOR: There's no honour in profiting from death. Naxy must end, Sharz.

SHARZ: It'll end soon enough, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What makes you so sure of that?

SHARZ: Because, statistically speaking, the Gora are finished. Yesterday's win was nice, but the wheels came off the Gora Express ages ago. The Lineen have been chipping away for a long time, and lately the chips have gotten bigger. We're already stepping onto the field with fewer players than we officially report. My strikers are each worth ten Lineen, but not twenty, if you catch my meaning.

DOCTOR: You're that outnumbered.

SHARZ: Afraid so.

DOCTOR: So why is Bela Destry ending the Game? I'm sure that's the key to all of this. What am I missing?

SHARZ: You'd better figure it out soon. It's almost Game time.

GARNY: Hello again, Naxy fans. This is Garny Diblick, today sitting alongside Lineen Coach Bela Destry as we get set for today's special whistle to whistle coverage of the one-on-one challenge between Hollis Az and the newest Gora superstar, the Doctor.

DESTRY: Should be an excellent match.

GARNY: Yes indeed. Any predictions, Coach?

DESTRY: Just the usual, Garny. The Lineen will shatter the Gora. We have resolute players, we are vigilant, and we know that we have a just cause to guide us.

(Broadcast in background.)

NYSSA: Are you sure this is everything? Are there any more documents? Faye?

FAYE: I don't know. Whatever's there.

(Broadcast turned off.)

NYSSA: I'm sorry, but that noise was distracting and we're running out of time.

FAYE: No, I'm sorry, Nyssa. I really haven't been myself lately.

NYSSA: What happened during today's talks, Faye? What really caused your attack?

FAYE: You know what? Maybe you should just get on with your work.

NYSSA: It's all right. I've found what I was looking for.

FAYE: What is it?

NYSSA: A series of communications from Lord Carlisle's office, transmitted along what is known as a shadow signal. I'm also noticing a name which keeps popping up. Morian.

FAYE: Morian?

NYSSA: Do you know him?

FAYE: I

NYSSA: These messages are exact reports on the situation here. This information is confidential.

FAYE: So you think Carlisle is in league with this Morian?

NYSSA: No. I think someone else is using his private channel to make their secured correspondence.

FAYE: It would have to be someone very close to Lord Carlisle.

NYSSA: Yes. Someone like you.

FAYE: That's right, Nyssa.

NYSSA: What? No. Faye, what are you (thump, thud.)

FAYE: Someone exactly like me.

GARNY: There's the starting whistle, and today's one-on-one Naxy game is underway. And Sharz Sevix is poised in the Doctor's corner, to offer moral support to his striker. Any thoughts of doing the same for Hollis?

DESTRY: I considered it, but frankly I don't think Hollis needs any help with this match.

(Clash of blades.)

DOCTOR: Hollis, you don't have to do this. You can choose a different path, one that will help your people heal. Ow!

GARNY: What a move by Hollis! A precision underswipe, and the Doctor's leg was slashed.

DESTRY: It wasn't as bad as it looked. No major damage.

GARNY: All the same, Hollis is already moving in for the elimination.

HOLLIS: How'd you like me now, huh? You like that move, mate?

DOCTOR: Please, Hollis, I don't want to hurt you.

HOLLIS: Hurt me? Oh, right, I almost forgot. You're responsible for yesterday's loss. Hundreds of my fellow Lineen were eliminated because of you. You hear that? That's my crowd, Doctor. Lineen fans, cheering me on. They want to see you pay for what you did.

DOCTOR: Do you really believe killing me is the honourable thing to do, or are you just in it for the money?

SHARZ: Doctor, what are you doing? Shut up and play the Game! Eliminate him!

HOLLIS: Naxy has made me rich, Doctor, but we strikers use the money to feed our families.

DOCTOR: Families. I asked Sharz about the role women play on Cray, apart from cheerleader, of course. He told me that they manufacture weapons used in these games. But they don't manufacture their own teams weapons, no. The Gora women make the weapons used by the Lineen, and vice versa. They're essentially making the very weapons which kill their husbands and sons!

HOLLIS: Shut it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You turn a blind eye because you benefit financially when your own players die. Naxy was once a game to be proud of, Hollis, but now it's just depravity and death.

HOLLIS: No!

DOCTOR: Remember what Nyssa said at the peace conference? All those other teams who are no longer there? So much death, and for what? A few dollars to spend on better blades?

HOLLIS: Enough talk. It's drop time.

DOCTOR: Hollis!

HOLLIS: I said shut it!

GARNY: Hollis has just made a sensational move! He's twisted the Doctor's Naxy wand right out of his hands!

DESTRY: Very sharp manoeuvre. The Doctor is frozen with fear.

GARNY: The Doctor does appear to be unwilling or unable to move. His wand remains an arm's length away.

HOLLIS: Pick it up, Doctor. Pick up your wand. Come on.

GARNY: The crowd senses that something is about to happen. The Doctor is backing away slowly. He's almost against the stadium wall.

DESTRY: What is he doing? He's not even defending himself.

GARNY: The Doctor's now abandoned his wand, leaving him totally vulnerable.

HOLLIS: Play the Game, Doctor. Pick up your wand and play.

DOCTOR: No. I refuse to be a part of this.

HOLLIS: You have to defend yourself.

DOCTOR: I will not fight. Eliminate me if you must, Hollis, but I will not be part of something I know is wrong.

HOLLIS: Then die, Gora. Die!

[Part Five]

HOLLIS: No! The Doctor is right. Naxy is not a game, it's a war. We simplify it so all we can see is us versus them. Players sacrifice themselves for nothing except to keep the game alive. I ask my Lineen team mates and all Gora strikers to join me and Coach Destry in the quest for peace, and an end to Naxy.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Hollis. I couldn't have put it better myself.

GARNY: Unbelievable! We've just seen a mutual surrender! Coach Destry, we all heard Hollis mention you as a

(Door opens)

GARNEY: Coach Destry? Well, folks, it seems Destry is unable to comment at this time.

HOLLIS: What now, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Now we reconvene the peace conference and
(Laser weapons fire.)

HOLLIS: What the?

DOCTOR: Hollis, get down!

GARNY: What this results means to both sides, I haven't yet worked out. Another turn of events on the pitch! A swarm of what look like, well, I've never seen anything like it before. The arena walls just opened and dozens of large, fur-covered creatures have emerged. These things have snouts. They're each firing some sort of laser pistol. It's absolute chaos on the Naxy pitch! This sell-out crowd is rushing for cover.

HOLLIS: That's what attacked Nyssa.

DOCTOR: Velosian Borloxes.

HOLLIS: What?

DOCTOR: Borloxes. They're rather like dogs only they can walk on two legs. They can be trained so they wouldn't harm a fly.

HOLLIS: Or to be ferocious killers.

DOCTOR: Yes, we have to get away from them fast.

HOLLIS: But those things are everywhere, Doc. We're surrounded.

SHARZ: Doctor! Over here!

HOLLIS: Sharz?

SHARZ: Come on, get over here!

DOCTOR: Best we take his advice.

HOLLIS: But Sharz is

DOCTOR: We don't have time to debate this, Hollis.

(Laser fire.)

DOCTOR: Ah!

HOLLIS: Doctor!

SHARZ: Hurry up! Those things are almost on top of us.

HOLLIS: But the Doctor, he took the full brunt of the blast. Nobody can survive that. The Doctor's dead.

GARNY: Hollis and Sharz have just left the field, but the Doctor appears to have been eliminated. Wait. There's someone approaching the Doctor's body. He's moving with ease amongst those monsters. He's obviously, he's obviously playing for the same team as them!

MORIAN: This is the one. He's called the Doctor. Take him back to Terrace Diva. He and I have a lot to talk about. The rest of you make sure these punters stay outside of Arena Bells. Kill as many as you need to, but keep them away.

CARLISLE: Faye! Faye!

FAYE: I'm in here, Lord Carlisle.

CARLISLE: I need to find Nyssa. The Doctor's been hit by laser fire. There are Borloxes all over the Naxy pitch.

FAYE: Nyssa's right down there.

CARLISLE: What? What's happened to her?

FAYE: Nothing yet. Morian wants her alive.

CARLISLE: Morian?

FAYE: Yes. You know Morian, don't you? Of course you do, because like me, you've been secretly communicating with him.

CARLISLE: How? How did you know about that?

FAYE: Morian and I are lovers.

CARLISLE: What are you going to do with Nyssa?

FAYE: Same thing I'm going to do to you.

CARLISLE: You mean (thud)

FAYE: That's exactly what I mean.

HOLLIS: What's happening back there?

SHARZ: I dunno.

HOLLIS: Those things, they're everywhere.

SHARZ: Shut up and let me think.

HOLLIS: We have to do something. Destry.

SHARZ: What about him?

HOLLIS: He'll know what to do.

SHARZ: What, run and hide?

HOLLIS: No, he's wise. He was the first to see that Naxy was wrong.

SHARZ: I'm sure our hairy friends with the lasers will be really impressed with Destry's leadership. Good luck, mate.

HOLLIS: Where are you going?

SHARZ: To find my wife and son. I'll stick with them until this whole thing blows over

GARNY: The reports I'm getting indicate that these creatures are terrorising the area surrounding Arena Bells. Authorities advise everyone to stay indoors.

(Door bursts open, snarling.)

GARNY: Ladies and gentlemen, one of those creatures has just entered the broadcast booth. Rather intimidating it is, too. Several more are right behind it. The first one has turned to me. He's pointing a weapon, which is likely a laser pistol of some kind. (weapon fires) Yes, it's a laser blaster, all right, and well, I appear to have internal injuries. No blood. He's aiming again. This time I must (thud)

(Muzak playing.)

MORIAN: Hello, everyone. Sorry about the unfortunate end to your Naxy entertainment. We're just sorting out your transportation back to our orbiter.

JULIJEE: Morian. Morian.

MORIAN: Yes, Mister Julijee.

JULIJEE: What happened to the Naxy? I had a five thousand barla wager on that Hollis.

MORIAN: I'm afraid the match has been cancelled. Your credits will be refunded. I know you came a long way to see these games in person. We apologise for the inconvenience. We'll have you off Cray very shortly. In the meantime, the slot machines are all working fine. So, enjoy the music and have a drink on the house.

DESTRY: Morian.

MORIAN: I'm a little busy right now, Destry.

DESTRY: Why are you doing this? We had a deal.

MORIAN: Your striker Hollis didn't stick to it, though, did he, so I decided to go with plan B.

DESTRY: The whole planet is in a panic.

MORIAN: Yes, well, Borloxes have that effect on people.

DESTRY: This isn't funny.

MORIAN: I have work to do, Destry.

DESTRY: Those murders at Terrace Diva. Was it your creatures that did that?

MORIAN: Your fellow citizens got a little too close to my guard dogs. Now, if you'll excuse me.

DESTRY: What have I done? What have I done?

(The Doctor groans. Slight rattle of chains.)

CARLISLE: He's coming round.

NYSSA: Doctor. Doctor.

DOCTOR: Nyssa. Where am I?

FAYE: The Terrace Diva luxury boxes. One of many fine Morian hotels and casinos in this galaxy.

DOCTOR: Ah, Ambassador Davis.

NYSSA: Why have you locked us up, Faye?

FAYE: Morian's orders.

NYSSA: Who?

CARLISLE: Morian. Head of the Morian crime family. The tabloids back on Earth love to glamorise his exploits. The Morian Syndicate has its base on one of the outer Earth colonies, but they've obviously expanded operations to Cray.

FAYE: And it's only the beginning. Morian has so much more in store.

NYSSA: Faye, let us go.

FAYE: It's not so bad, is it? I know those chains are cumbersome, but the elegance of these luxury boxes more than makes up for it.

(Door opens and closes. Borlox breathing.)

MORIAN: Hi, honey, I'm home.

FAYE: Hello, darling. Good day at work?

MORIAN: You bet. I made a killing.

CARLISLE: Morian, release us at once.

MORIAN: Hey, I'm kissing here.

FAYE: What are we going to do with them?

MORIAN: Well, only one of them's worth anything to me. For all I care we can kill the other two.

CARLISLE: No. They're both just as important as me.

MORIAN: It wasn't you I was talking about, Mister Ego. It's him.

NYSSA: What do you want with the Doctor?

MORIAN: Well, that all depends on what he's got for me.

HOLLIS: Coach? Coach, what's going on?

DESTRY: Hollis, I...

HOLLIS: The whole city is out of control. We have to do something. Coach!
DESTRY: He wants us to play, that's all. Once we all start to play Naxy again things can get back to normal.
HOLLIS: Those things have killed dozens of people. One almost killed Nyssa.
DESTRY: Never mind Nyssa. Morian will look after her.
HOLLIS: Morian? That bloke in the fancy suit? Who is he, anyway?
DESTRY: He's er, an associate of mine. We just have to give him what he wants.
HOLLIS: And what does he want with Nyssa? Where are they?
DESTRY: I er, I don't. I have to start the Game.
HOLLIS: Coach Destry? Coach!

CARLISLE: Do we have to stand? I'm getting a little old for this.
MORIAN: Shut up.
NYSSA: Lean on me, Lord Carlisle.
DOCTOR: I'm curious, Morian. What is it that brought you to Cray?
MORIAN: Money, of course. Wealthy off-worlders pay me to bring them to Cray. Behind these two-way mirrors, they can watch and wager in comfort as our Naxy playing friends rip one another to shreds.
DOCTOR: That explains the coin I found, from Galtry.
MORIAN: My guests occasionally get careless with their loose change. Cray has been a nice little earner for me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I take it you're also responsible for that common-link satellite.
FAYE: He uses it to send Naxy telecasts to his off-planet betting centres.
CARLISLE: Faye, how could you take part in this?
FAYE: How could I not? Just look at him. He's extraordinary.
DOCTOR: I must say, your health has improved considerably.
FAYE: I know. I owe it all to Morian.
DOCTOR: Those maladies you were suffering from at the peace talks, the nervousness, the sweating, they're all symptoms of drug addiction.
FAYE: I don't use drugs.
DOCTOR: Yes, you do. You just don't know it.
MORIAN: Quiet, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What's the matter, Morian? Afraid I'll give away your secret?
MORIAN: I said, shut up.
FAYE: What's he talking about?
MORIAN: It's nothing. Faye, honey, go and check the status of the casino guest's shuttles.
FAYE: Yes, darling. (leaves)
DOCTOR: What did you use on her, Morian? Heroin slam? Eraser drug?
MORIAN: (laughs) Me.
CARLISLE: You? And he calls me Mister Ego.
DOCTOR: No, he means it.
NYSSA: You mean he's the drug? How
DOCTOR: Residents of the planet Mayzer emit a pheromone which can be highly addictive to many intelligent species.
CARLISLE: What, like a love potion?
DOCTOR: Love has nothing to do with it, Lord Carlisle. Victims have been known to suffer horrible withdrawal symptoms. It can even be fatal.
NYSSA: And now Morian has total control of Faye.
DOCTOR: What better way to control the peace talks than to control one of their key sponsors.
CARLISLE: So, when she shot Nyssa and me with that stun blaster...
DOCTOR: Morian had preconditioned Faye to incapacitate whoever learned of his activities on Cray. In her mind she was doing nothing wrong.
MORIAN: (applauds) Very good, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What I still fail to see is how you were able to alter your Mayzerian physiognomy to make you look human.
MORIAN: I didn't. I'm not from Mayzer. I'm all human.
DOCTOR: Then how did you acquire
MORIAN: It's the classic story of a chemical researcher and his incredible gambling debts.
NYSSA: So to pay you off, he gave you that ability. But that's horrible.
MORIAN: Don't knock it till you try it, Nyssa. All it takes is one little kiss. First one's always free.
DOCTOR: Morian.
MORIAN: Sorry. Where was I? You, Doctor, have a knack for taking me away from my point.
CARLISLE: My feet hurt.
MORIAN: Take these two away. I want a word with the Doctor. Alone.

FAYE: I'm sorry for the awkwardness, but if you could all make your way to the shuttles.

DESTRY: Ambassador.

FAYE: This way, please.

DESTRY: I need to talk to Morian. Those Borloxes won't let me see him.

FAYE: He's busy right now, Mister Destry.

DESTRY: But this is important.

FAYE: I'm sure it can wait.

DESTRY: I need to tell him that I can keep the Game going. It's Sharz. Sharz is easy to control. If we could all just sit down and map out a plan

FAYE: Look, I can't help you. If you want to see Morian, you'll have to wait, unless you want to try going through those two.

(Snarls.)

DESTRY: I'll wait.

MORIAN: So, what do the history books say about this war on Cray, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I suggest you wait and ask them yourself.

MORIAN: But you're the one who travels in time. (laughs) Yes, I know your secret. Faye even confirmed the location of your blue time ship this morning.

DOCTOR: Her arrival did seem a bit lucky.

MORIAN: Lucky? You think I set up these Naxy peace talks because I believe in luck? No, Doctor. Luck is for suckers.

DOCTOR: You set up the peace talks?

MORIAN: Of course! Faye, Destry, they were all acting on my instructions. They never knew it was all for you. This whole Naxy negotiation was a trap to catch you. And it worked.

DOCTOR: You had Destry order a peace conference hoping I would turn up?

MORIAN: The funny thing is, I didn't take control of Faye so she'd fight for peace. I mean, that's what she wanted anyway. I did it so she'd keep an eye on old Darzil. Lord Carlisle was the key to the whole operation.

DOCTOR: He's involved in this as well?

MORIAN: In his way. I never used to think much about him. He was just one of those old icons everybody looked up to and respected. But then I heard a rumour about him. A consistent rumour. About how there was someone helping him end those wars. Someone who never got older. Someone who matches your description right down to that celery stalk on your lapel. I assembled a profile of you, found out you were something called a Time Lord. Getting that information wasn't cheap, but in my business there's always more money.

DOCTOR: What do you want, Morian?

MORIAN: I want control of your time machine.

DOCTOR: Do you?

MORIAN: It would certainly make the gambling biz a whole lot easier.

DOCTOR: So you wish to use the most sophisticated machine in the universe as a tool to win bets.

MORIAN: I know what you're thinking. There's got to be a better use out there. But do you know, I can't think of one.

DOCTOR: Then you're even less imaginative than you look.

MORIAN: Yes, well, with the kind of cash I could win using your time ship, I could pretty much own the whole universe. How's that for an imagination?

CARLISLE: At least we're out of those shackles.

NYSSA: We're still well-guarded. Morian seems so ruthless.

CARLISLE: He's just a street corner bully, with the good fortune to be born into an influential crime family.

NYSSA: Bullies can do a lot of damage if no one is willing to stop them.

FAYE: Such a virtuous young woman you are, Nyssa.

NYSSA: Faye, you're being used.

CARLISLE: Morian's acquired the Mayzerian Influence. He's using it on you.

FAYE: Is that what he's done? Did he use it on you as well, Lord Carlisle?

NYSSA: What does she mean?

FAYE: Lord Carlisle made a deal with Morian.

CARLISLE: It wasn't a deal. I was afraid Morian might try to stop the peace talks. In exchange for his non-intervention, I promised him immunity for his profiting on Naxy.

NYSSA: So you turned a blind eye to the corruption.

CARLISLE: I thought it would make things easier for the Doctor. It was for the sake of peace.

FAYE: You see, Nyssa? Morian thinks of everything. He's utterly perfect, unlike our friend Darzil. In fact, the biggest surprise for me during these negotiations was discovering that the all-knowing Lord Carlisle was in reality an incompetent boob. Oh, he could pretend to be a solemn noble force for peace, but he couldn't sustain it for very long. He never even noticed that I was keeping my personal documents inside his official

negotiation files.

NYSSA: So the papers I found about extending hostility were yours.

FAYE: I was carrying them for Morian. I knew no one would ever dare look through Lord Carlisle's personal work papers. Especially Lord Carlisle.

(Door opens.)

MORIAN: Think it over, Doctor. I'll be back for your answer. Let's go, Faye. They're gonna need time to talk things over.

FAYE: Coming, darling.

(Door closes.)

NYSSA: Doctor, you all right?

DOCTOR: Not really.

NYSSA: Did he injure you?

DOCTOR: Not really.

CARLISLE: What's wrong?

DOCTOR: I just heard something very disturbing. It seems in some ways Lord Carlisle knows me even better than I know myself.

MORIAN: I'm disappointed in you, Destry.

DESTRY: I did everything you asked.

MORIAN: It wasn't enough.

DESTRY: But the Game will resume eventually. Our plan will still work.

MORIAN: Our plan?

DESTRY: Your plan. I just need more time.

MORIAN: Forget it. I've decided to end Naxy myself.

DESTRY: But Morian!

MORIAN: Faye, are all the customers off-planet yet?

FAYE: The last shuttle just left.

MORIAN: Good. (comms) Attention. This is Morian to all Borloxes. New command. All Gora team members are to be executed immediately.

DESTRY: What!

MORIAN: I repeat. Kill all Gora team members. The ones in the blue paint. Morian out.

DESTRY: Why are you doing this?

MORIAN: Because your people have to actually play Naxy for me to make money on it.

DESTRY: They will! They will!

MORIAN: After your little superstar Hollis's speech today? I doubt it.

DESTRY: But the plan was always to end the game.

MORIAN: Temporarily, Destry, not permanently. My gut tells me Naxy is done, and all my personal investments were based on the Lineen ultimately winning.

DESTRY: But it can't end like this.

MORIAN: Why not?

DESTRY: Because, because that's not how the game's played

MORIAN: Destry, all I care about is the final score. The bets I made don't stipulate how the Gora lose, just that they do. If it has to end, it ends the way my money says it ends. You should be celebrating. You're the Coach of the winning team.

DESTRY: But I wanted to win with honour.

MORIAN: Do you really think honour ever played a role in this game? Please. Goodbye, Destry.

SHARZ: Mira? Mira, it's Sharz. We gotta get out of the city, darling. There are monsters or something. They're killing all the Gora, players and fans. We don't have time to pack, just grab Stez and... Honey? Mira. Stez. Oh no.

DOCTOR: An interference on that scale is almost beyond comprehension.

CARLISLE: You mentioned once or twice how helping me violated some Time Lord code or other, but that never stopped you.

DOCTOR: But to take control of every negotiation, every settlement? Do you know how many wars that means I've ended? Thirty seven.

CARLISLE: Thirty six.

DOCTOR: I count thirty seven.

NYSSA: Not Zarik Four.

DOCTOR: Why? What happened on Zarik Four?

CARLISLE: It's not important.

(Door opens.)

MORIAN: Sorry to break up your party, but time is literally of the essence. So, Doctor, are you going to show

me how your time machine works or not?

DOCTOR: Not.

MORIAN: Right. Did you know that most human backs break within a fairly narrow range of pressure? Unfortunately, I've been unable to find the results of similar testing on Time Lords.

CARLISLE: Morian, no!

MORIAN: So, in the interest of science, I will determine the exact amount of pressure it takes to shatter the Doctor's spine. The experiment begins in five minutes. Place your bets.

[Part Six]

CARLISLE: Morian, you can't do this.

MORIAN: I'm just getting warmed up, old man. You two, grab the Doctor.

NYSSA: No! Faye, you have to believe us. Morian's controlling your mind. You've become addicted to being with him, but you don't love him. You love the drug he secretes.

FAYE: Still sticking to that pathetic story?

NYSSA: Morian's been genetically altered.

DOCTOR: Think of all the work you did to acquire your rank. Do you think you'd give it up to be with a criminal sleaze like him?

MORIAN: Sure she would.

DOCTOR: You've got to shake off the effects, Faye. The Mayzerian Influence can be overcome with focussed thought.

FAYE: No, I love him. I love Morian.

MORIAN: Doctor, can we finish this discussion after Ugu here removes tongue? I said no interruptions! (Slashing of blade.)

NYSSA: Hollis! Hollis, look out. The other Borlox.

(Slash, slash, stab, thud.)

HOLLIS: Hurry, let's go.

DOCTOR: Lord Carlisle, let's go.

FAYE: Morian, they're getting away!

MORIAN: Out of the way, you fool! The Doctor's in my sights.

CARLISLE: No, you can't. Ah!

NYSSA: Lord Carlisle!

DOCTOR: I have him. Keep moving.

FAYE: Morian, are you all right?

MORIAN: Yes. Get off.

FAYE: I'm sorry, I don't

MORIAN: Morian to all Borloxes. There are four humans escaping Terrace Diva. Capture but do not kill. I repeat. Capture but do not kill. That particular pleasure will be mine.

(Lord Carlisle groans.)

NYSSA: Doctor, we have to stop and rest.

DOCTOR: Very well. The Borloxes have our scent, but fortunately for us they're not the fleetest of foot.

NYSSA: Lord Carlisle's lost consciousness.

HOLLIS: He's dying, isn't he.

DOCTOR: It doesn't look good. He saved my life in there. So did you, Hollis. Thank you for freeing us.

NYSSA: How did you know where we were?

HOLLIS: Destry said you were with Morian. When they wouldn't let me see you, I guessed something was wrong.

DOCTOR: You're a very good guesser.

HOLLIS: Is Lord Carlisle fit to move?

DOCTOR: He's certainly not fit to stay.

NYSSA: Where should we go, then? The Tardis?

DOCTOR: No. Morian will have placed guards there by now. Hollis, is there any higher ground near here? Some place which could be easily defended?

HOLLIS: Yes. The Lineen Retirement Home. It's not far. We could turn the place into a fortress.

NYSSA: A retirement home? That doesn't sound good.

DOCTOR: It sounds better than those approaching Borloxes. Come on!

HOLLIS: This is it. Set Carlisle down there.

(Shutter door closed.)

HOLLIS: How is he?

DOCTOR: Unconscious. Hollis?

HOLLIS: Yeah?

DOCTOR: What did you say this place was?

HOLLIS: Our Lineen Retirement Home.

NYSSA: It's all coffins. Hundreds of coffins.

HOLLIS: Four hundred Lineen were retired yesterday. They're all brought here before burial.

NYSSA: So many lives. It's tragic.

HOLLIS: Yes, I know that now.

CARLISLE: (weak) Doctor.

NYSSA: Lord Carlisle.

DOCTOR: He's coming round.

CARLISLE: Doctor.

DOCTOR: I'm here.

CARLISLE: I need to speak to you in private.

DOCTOR: Oh.

NYSSA: It's all right. Come on, Hollis.

CARLISLE: Are we alone?

DOCTOR: Yes. What did you want to tell me?

CARLISLE: The last time we were together, back on Solus Paz, you said something very strange to me.

DOCTOR: What was that?

CARLISLE: Just before you got into your Tardis, you looked me over with that sad stare of yours and said, you are my best friend, Darzil. You seemed to be even more melodramatic than usual. I didn't think much of it at the time, but I expect you knew then that you'd never see me again. In your time line, I mean.

DOCTOR: Lord Carlisle.

CARLISLE: Darzil. Damn it, Doctor, call me Darzil like you always do. It was unfair of you to do that back on Solus Paz. You got to say goodbye to me, but I didn't get to say goodbye to you. The real you, I mean. And now I never will. He doesn't exist yet. So, here I am, dying, and I'm stuck with you. No offence.

DOCTOR: None taken. Thank you for saving my life.

CARLISLE: Just returning the favour. I still owe you several dozen.

DOCTOR: Let's call it even.

CARLISLE: Ah, it's funny. Until our meeting here on Cray, whenever you'd visited me you'd always had that sad stare. Always. Now I finally know why.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CARLISLE: You've got your work cut out for you, eh? All those wars to end. Well, Doctor, when you get to Solus Paz, say goodbye to your future self for me. (dies)

DOCTOR: I will, Darzil. I will.

(Door opens.)

NYSSA: Doctor? Is he dead?

DOCTOR: Lord Carlisle is no more.

(Nyssa cries.)

DOCTOR: I know, Nyssa. But we have work to do. It's time for us to end Morian's game.

NYSSA: That couldn't be him already, could it?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Hollis, be ready.

SHARZ: Boy, you Lineen sure pick some creepy hangouts.

DOCTOR: Sharz!

SHARZ: The one and only.

NYSSA: How did you find us?

SHARZ: To be honest, I wasn't looking for you. I'm only here because this looked like the easiest place to defend.

HOLLIS: I thought you were holding up until things blew over.

SHARZ: My plans changed. I want to drive those monsters back to where they come from. With some help from a friend of yours.

DESTROY: Hello, Hollis.

HOLLIS: Coach? You're working with Sharz?

DESTROY: To get shot of Morian's creatures.

SHARZ: The game's changed, Hollis. It's time we changed with it.

DESTROY: We will fight back. We are resolute people. Adversity reveals the character of our teams. But there is no greater asset

DOCTOR: Yes, let's not turn this battle into a Naxy game as well, shall we? It'll take more than empty rhetoric to stop Morian and his Borloxes.

DESTROY: We also have several hundred strikers, Lineen and Gora.

DOCTOR: What?

SHARZ: They're all waiting outside.

DESTROY: Everyone on Cray, men women and children, we all want to take out Morian's alien army.

DOCTOR: They shouldn't be waiting long. Morian's on his way, and we had better be ready for him when he

gets here.

MORIAN: That's it, boy. Take me to them. Faye, you're falling behind! Faye!

FAYE: Yes.

MORIAN: What's wrong with you? Keep up. The Borloxes move slowly enough as it is. You're not starting to doubt our love, are you, babe?

FAYE: No, I don't er, I mean, I

MORIAN: Come here. There, that's better. Now, come on.

FAYE: Yes, darling.

SHARZ: He's coming. They're at the base of the hill. I counted two dozen of those creatures with him.

DOCTOR: Is that all? Good, good.

DESTRY: The sun's already gone down. Maybe you didn't see all of them.

SHARZ: No, they've got torches. And some of those Borloxes are dragging something big behind them.

NYSSA: Could it be the Tardis, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Possibly. Right, keep your weapons down. They won't be much use against their laser rifles. Is everyone outside in position?

HOLLIS: Just as you instructed, Doctor.

DOCTOR: The rest is up to us. Get to your places, everyone.

HOLLIS: Nyssa? A word?

NYSSA: Yes, Hollis?

HOLLIS: I just wanted to say that I appreciate everything you've done for me.

NYSSA: What do you mean?

HOLLIS: You helped me see what was really happening here, with Naxy and everything.

NYSSA: Hollis, I didn't do anything.

HOLLIS: No, you did. *You* did. You showed me how it's important to question the way things are. You've made me a better person.

NYSSA: It's very nice of you to say.

HOLLIS: Anyway, I'd love to marry you.

NYSSA: What?

HOLLIS: Assuming we survive all this, of course.

NYSSA: Of course.

HOLLIS: Don't you want to marry me?

NYSSA: I'm very flattered, but I've, I've learned that when I've tried to get close to someone things don't usually work out very well for them.

HOLLIS: I don't understand.

NYSSA: It's not easy to explain. But your place is here, with your people, and my place is with the Doctor, at least for now. I'm sorry.

HOLLIS: I thought as much. But since we'll probably all be dead soon, I didn't think I'd have much to lose.

NYSSA: That's the spirit.

(They laugh.)

DESTRY: Quiet.

(Snarling outside.)

SHARZ: They're here.

DOCTOR: Keep your weapons down.

(Door broken down.)

MORIAN: Greetings and salutations. So, we're all here at last.

DOCTOR: Not quite all of us.

FAYE: Is that Lord Carlisle down there?

DOCTOR: It is.

FAYE: He looks dead.

NYSSA: He is.

MORIAN: Guess I can inform my secretary that we have a winner in the Darzil Carlisle dead pool.

DOCTOR: Morian, you have slain a man who was a hero to millions. You've murdered a

MORIAN: Must you always be so dull? Hero, blah blah blah. Injustice, blah blah blah. The universe is not a nice place, Doctor. Let's move on, shall we?

DOCTOR: His death is on your hands.

MORIAN: Oh, I don't see it that way. If you'd given me control of your time ship, he'd probably still be alive. If you look at it that way, his death is on *your* hands. And guess what? Nyssa's next.

HOLLIS: No!

DOCTOR: Hollis.

MORIAN: I'd keep back if I were you, kid. My furry friends don't like it when people threaten me. Well, I admit

you throw quite a party, Doctor. I don't see the bar anywhere, but these coffins will be coming in handy very soon.

DESTRY: Have you no respect for the dead, Morian?

MORIAN: Destry, is that you? Finally grew a backbone, did you?

HOLLIS: Shut it, Morian.

MORIAN: What's it to you, kid?

HOLLIS: Mister Destry is my Coach.

MORIAN: Wow. Hollis is loyal, isn't he, Destry? It's almost (laughs) It's almost as if he didn't know you killed his father.

HOLLIS: What?

DESTRY: Morian, no.

MORIAN: Your father's wand didn't malfunction, Hollis. Destry tampered with it.

NYSSA: Why would Destry ever do that?

MORIAN: To stop his team's momentum. You see, Hollis, your Daddy was too good at Naxy. The Game was about to end, so Coach Destry took matters into his own hands. You see, it's a little hobby of mine to find moral loopholes in people. Destry's is greed.

HOLLIS: Coach?

DESTRY: He's lying, Hollis. Don't listen to him.

DOCTOR: Destry receives part of your gambling profits, doesn't he? That's why he agreed to set up the peace talks even though he was winning the Game.

MORIAN: Exactly. Naxy was only a few weeks from ending. After I came up with the genius idea of twinning Cray and Earth, all Destry had to do was ask for help, and the dearly departed Darzil Carlisle was brought in to end the Game. But only temporarily. The plan was that once the Gora's ranks were built back up, Naxy would start all over again. Of course, I would have made sure the Gora always lost more games than they won.

SHARZ: But we win by combat. How could anyone make the Gora lose?

DOCTOR: By making sure just enough of the Gora's equipment doesn't work.

MORIAN: A few bad wands here, a few bad boots there. It's quite easy.

SHARZ: All this time? Destry, you traitor.

MORIAN: It's very shrewd of him, really. He's cracked the code. When his Lineen lose, he profits in Gora merchandise. If they win, I cough up his share of the winnings.

HOLLIS: Is this true, Coach?

MORIAN: Oh, go on, Coach, answer him.

DESTRY: Yes.

HOLLIS: You killed my father for money?

NYSSA: I'm so sorry, Hollis.

DESTRY: I was running out of cash. We kept winning but we were losing money. If the Game had ended then, I would have been bankrupt.

MORIAN: So, when I offered him a piece of the gambling money to arrange your father's death and extend the Game, he agreed.

DESTRY: I didn't want to do it. The Destry's have always been respected. I couldn't let myself become a pauper. My family honour was at stake.

MORIAN: Where's your honour now, Destry?

DESTRY: You may have destroyed me, Morian, but I can still destroy you!

DOCTOR: Destry, stay back!

(Snarl, slash, gnawing, screams.)

MORIAN: Mmm, not pretty. All right, down, boy, down. Don't fill up on appetisers. Save some room for the main course.

NYSSA: Haven't you caused enough pain?

MORIAN: Well, that's up to the Doctor. This all ends once I get that time machine.

DOCTOR: It's already ended, Morian.

MORIAN: Has it now? I don't

DOCTOR: Listen.

MORIAN: I don't much like the tone

DOCTOR: I said, listen. (singing outside) Hear that? The hill we're standing on is surrounded by thousands of very angry Naxy strikers..

MORIAN: What are you talking about?

DOCTOR: I know they're probably finishing off what's left of your Borloxes. This time you've been caught in my little trap, Morian.

HOLLIS: Very clever, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Hollis. Morian never expected the Gora and the Lineen to forget their hatred so quickly, and unite. Centuries of war ends in a matter of minutes thanks to you, Morian. You turned out to be the greatest peacemaker of us all.

MORIAN: Trayda, keep them away from me.

NYSSA: So now it's just you and one Borlox against the whole of Cray.

DOCTOR: I don't fancy those odds.

MORIAN: Neither do I. Come on, Faye. Faye! I said, come on!

FAYE: But I don't, I

NYSSA: You don't have to go, Faye. We know you're not responsible for your actions. We can help you to put things right again.

FAYE: Yes, I, no. No, Morian loves me. You're all conspiring to hurt me. Only he can take care of me. Only Morian has what I need.

NYSSA: No, Faye, you mustn't

DOCTOR: Nyssa, stay back.

MORIAN: Too late, Doctor.

NYSSA: No! Let me go!

HOLLIS: Nyssa!

MORIAN: Keep back!

DOCTOR: Morian, if you hurt her...

MORIAN: I'm leaving Cray, Doctor, with Nyssa as my hostage. Of course, once the Mayzerian factor works its way into her system, she'll be only too happy to stay as my guest. But never fear, Doctor. You and I will meet again. Bet on it.

SHARZ: Nyssa, get down!

DOCTOR: No!

(Blade slashing.)

SHARZ: One down, one to go.

MORIAN: I told you to keep back. Maybe you'll listen to this.

NYSSA: No!

(Laser fire.)

SHARZ: I'm fine, it just grazed my shoulder, thanks to Nyssa mucking up the shot.

NYSSA: My pleasure. Your distraction allowed me to get free.

HOLLIS: But look, Morian and Faye, they're getting away.

SHARZ: But they'll run straight into a thousand Naxy strikers.

DOCTOR: I doubt they'll stop him in time.

NYSSA: In time for what?

SHARZ: That sounds like a rocket blast.

DOCTOR: Yes. Morian's personal escape ship.

NYSSA: But how did he reach it so soon?

DOCTOR: It must be what he had the Borloxes drag up from the casino.

SHARZ: You mean Morian brought an escape shuttle up here as a precaution?

NYSSA: That was lucky.

DOCTOR: I don't think so. Morian doesn't trust anything to luck.

NYSSA: Poor Faye.

DOCTOR: Indeed. But I doubt that's the last we've seen of Morian. He caught me by surprise this time. I won't make the same mistake again.

DOCTOR: How's your shoulder?

SHARZ: Fine, thanks to Nyssa. That was some move you made back there, darling. You'd have made a great Naxy striker.

NYSSA: Could it be you're finally seeing women as something more than cheerleaders?

SHARZ: Point taken.

DOCTOR: So you've identified all of the off-world gamblers?

HOLLIS: Yes. And sent their names to Earth. They'll be held accountable for profiting off the Naxy deaths.

DOCTOR: Well done, Hollis. This leadership role suits you.

SHARZ: I taught him everything he knows.

NYSSA: I still can't believe Lord Carlisle's gone.

HOLLIS: He didn't die in vain. I made it clear to the Earth authorities that he should get the credit for bringing peace to Cray.

SHARZ: And it's true, in a way. I mean, it was his arrival that started the ball rolling.

DOCTOR: His thirty eighth and final peace accord.

NYSSA: But Doctor, didn't you tell me Darzil Carlisle retired after ending the war here?

DOCTOR: Yes. Unfortunately, in Cray vernacular, he has.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Come on, Nyssa. It's time we were off.

HOLLIS: You sure, Doctor? You're welcome to stay as long as you want.

DOCTOR: We may come back and see how you're getting on. In the meantime, maybe the two of you could

think up a pastime where losing isn't quite so lethal.

SHARZ: Will do, Doctor.

NYSSA: Well, goodbye, Hollis.

HOLLIS: Goodbye, Nyssa. (kiss)

NYSSA: And good luck.

(Tardis door closes, the Tardis dematerialises.)

NYSSA: It would have worked. I know I could have helped Lord Carlisle live up to his reputation.

DOCTOR: He was still a good man.

NYSSA: Yes. You never did get your photo with him, did you?

DOCTOR: No. But it seems I'll have plenty more opportunities. I have three dozen wars to end, remember? Well, as one of my lecturers at the Academy used to say, no time like the present.

NYSSA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hmm?

NYSSA: I'm sorry, it's, it's just I don't think I could bear seeing Lord Carlisle again. Could you, could you possibly deal with those wars after I've gone?

DOCTOR: Of course. Of course. Go and get some rest, Nyssa. We have all the time in the world.